JOHN BULL

Vol. XVI. No. 419. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1914. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

483912

For meaning of this No. see page 11 of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

CLOSES JUNE 16

£300

ROYAL

HUNT CUP

CONTEST

SEE PAGE 36

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date* bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims :—

Mr. S. CLINCH, The Green, West Wickham, Kent. May 23rd. 617,629.

Mr. ADAM FALCONER, 22, Victoria Street, Gorebridges, Midlothian, Scotland. April 25th. 596,503.

Mr. HAROLD FOSTER, Ashville Mount, 314, Hopwood Lane, Halifax. May 16th. 281,916.

Mr. A. T. LUCAS, 7, Temple Street, Oxford. May 23rd. No. 631,157.

Mr. FRANK THOMAS, 13, Cobden Road, Wrexham. May 23rd. No. 102,604.

Mr. JOSEPH DELANEY, 37, Norfolk Street, Bolton. May 23rd. No. 121,355.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 6th :—

000221	231062	294522	669061	874613
020630	246597	412616	686974	894731
042462	259464	425622	701473	919310
046253	264254	447264	714240	924622
062670	271412	462997	747257	951501
116562	276462	466694	750242	975220
147959	291192	520494	780412	990941
169440	292877	587261	804010	A000762
194251	346265	592625	839787	A006451
212362	346513	620465	862782	A022376

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published on June 17th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. June 13, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL ENTRANCE FORM.

ROYAL HUNT CUP CONTEST CLOSES Tuesday, JUNE 16.

	HARMONICON		LIE-A-BED
	PITMASTON		MOHAGE
	BRAXTED		CANDYTUFT
	JARNAC II.		CASTLETON
	BACHELOR'S WEDDING		ACHDOR
			BONBON ROSE
	PRUE		TALANA HILL
	DUKE HUMPHREY		DRINMORE
	GEORGETTE		WEEMAC
	HIPPEASTRUM		PAULHAN
	YOUNG PEGASUS.		SANDS OF TIME
	DIADUMENOS		THE BORE
	MERCUTIO		GREY BARBARIAN
	SIR MARTIN		WAIONTHA
	THE CURRAGH		FLIPPANT
	CASETTA		OUTRAM
	AIGLON		BERRILLDON
	SUBTERRANEAN		BUGLER
	G.P.		AMBASSADOR
	CUTHBERT		JAMESON
	ALDEGOND		SANTAIR
	BLUE STONE		HONEYWOOD
	SUN YAT		MAIDEN ERLEGH
	WHITE MAGIC		

I enter "JOHN BULL" Racing Competition in accordance with the rules announced on page 36 and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

F2 Entrance Forms must be cut not torn out.

An Appreciation

OF

FINDON'S WEEKLY COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

BY

A "Bullets" Competitor.

"For twelve months I have been a reader of your paper, and from it I have gained such an education in competition matters that has enabled me to be a fairly consistent winner. Your 'Advisory Scheme' has saved me pounds, and I have won not a few prizes by following your advice.

During the summer months interest in competitions may flag a little, but I hope that my fellow-competitors will not give up their staunch friend,—the 'C. J.' It has done much to help them during the winter, and it deserves their perpetual support."

FINDON'S WEEKLY

COMPETITORS' JOURNAL.

On Sale Everywhere - - Wednesdays.

ONE PENNY.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVI. No. 419. Week ending Saturday, June 13th, 1914. One Penny.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for JUNE 6th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 714,212.

Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Political Situation.

This remains unchanged. There will be no crisis—no civil war—and no Dissolution. Taffy has *his* Bill, Macnab has *his*, and Paddy Redmond has *his*. Thus each has a nice toy to show his friends. It now only remains for Carson to get *his*—and he will, in the end, be allowed to shape it as he likes. Then they will all be happy, and will go on playing till next summer. *What* a game it is!

Party Amenities.

In the meantime, of course, the game must be kept up. Wherefore Mr. Lloyd George talks about the landlords and aristocrats crowing "on their dunghill"—whilst "the flood" beneath is washing them away. Pretty language, isn't it? And here is how a leading Radical paper disposes of Ipswich: "Nor are the people going to be guided by the verdict of the capital of 'Silly Suffolk.'" This alliterative method of treating bye-elections is fascinating. There was Dirty Derbyshire, for instance, and Rotten Reading—to say nothing of *Bernard Shaw* Bethnal Green! And some day there may be Horrid Hackney!

A Real Rest Day.

In the course of the debate upon the Weekly Rest Day Bill, Mr. Handel Booth pointed out that, whereas it would be impossible under the provisions of the measure to purchase a Bible on Sunday, people would be able to buy JOHN BULL. We are surprised, however, that no subsequent speaker pointed out that such facilities meant a *real* rest day for the weary.

Blank Cartridges for the Germans.

The enemy must be careful! Although no ammunition of any description had hitherto been placed on board any of the merchant vessels fitted with 4.7 guns, three boxes of *blank* cartridges were shipped on the Anglo-Argentine Houlder-Furness liner, *La Rosarina*, in the Victoria Dock—so that we may now look for startling developments. But why all the secrecy about the matter; and why the special instruction to the hands that nobody connected with JOHN BULL should be given information?

The Church and Lotteries.

We have already pointed out, when dealing with the history of lotteries in this country, that they were originally held on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral—which may account for the reports we receive from the various winners in JOHN BULL Sweepstakes that the first to call with their congratulations are always the clergy of the district! *Non olet* is evidently their motto.

Rough on Ramsay.

Poor Ramsay is catching it all round. The latest revolt is that of the postmen, at whose recent Belfast Congress some very nasty things were said. It appears that, emulating the dung-hill metaphor of his friend Mr. Lloyd George, the School-Teacher Labour "Leader" had expressed the view that the worker who voted for the Liberals simply "threw himself into a dustbin"—which pretty simile elicited the retort that Ramsay himself had often dived into the same refuse heap—to drag out "400 pieces of gold." *He will take a deeper dive yet.* Workers, please note.

"Hallelujah!"

The hour of grief is not the time for critical theological analysis; but we cannot refrain from wondering how General Booth reconciles his Hallelujahs for the "promotion to Glory" of the lost salvationists with praise for the heroism of "Major" Morris in his effort to rescue one of them from drowning. We only wonder.

"Crankyland."

No, we cannot, this week, announce definitely the date upon which we shall publish our wonderful Summer Annual—"John Bull in Crankyland"; it all depends upon how soon our "comps" recover from their fit of laughter. They have been temporarily transferred to the *Winning Post* and other, relatively, serious publications printed in the same building—and are slowly recovering.

"More Tabloid Tales."

Do you remember those wonderful Tabloid Tales of Louise Heilgers which were published about a year ago? Well, a new series is in the press; so if you wish to really enjoy your summer holiday order a copy. Published at a shilling, the volume is the best and cheapest homœopathic remedy for *ennui* known to the literary pharmacopœia.

Tampering with Juries.

From time to time we receive very circumstantial complaints respecting the tampering, in the interests of police prosecutions, with Old Bailey juries. It is even alleged that, in certain cases, the jury panel is closely scrutinised, with a view to facilitating conviction. We are sure that our old friend Chief Inspector Willis has only to hear a hint of this state of things to give the matter his immediate attention.

CRICKET Prize Winners—Result of our recent Contest. See page 28.

An Unpublished Letter.

The following letter, addressed by the Editor of this journal to the *Daily News*, and for which our contemporary could not find space, speaks for itself:—

> In your report of the Judgment of Mr. Hopkins, the Bow Street Magistrate, in connection with the recent proceedings against the publisher of JOHN BULL and myself for an alleged infringement of the Lottery Act of 1823, by certain phrases in a recent article in JOHN BULL, you report the Magistrate as saying, apropos of the need for "a reasonable and modern revision" of the Act, "that it was passed 91 years ago for the discouragement of lotteries in England." What the Magistrate *did* say was the "*encouragement* of lotteries in England." That is where the joke comes in; and, if I may respectfully say so, it is where journals like the *Daily News* fall into error when dealing with these sinful Swiss Sporting Sweepstakes. The Lottery Act was passed for the express purpose of raising money for the Government by means of a lottery, and of preventing private individuals competing with it. This is one of several legal aspects of the present Lottery law which it will be my privilege to bring before the High Court at an early date.

By the way, the "Case" for the consideration of the High Court, granted by Mr. Hopkins "upon all points" raised in the recent prosecution, has been duly settled and lodged.

A Creepy Thought.

We are not superstitious, but it is a curious coincidence that the *Empress of Ireland* foundered close to the spot where the arrest of Crippen was effected through the instrumentality of Captain Kendal, when in command of the *Montrose*. Here is an opportunity for those in control of Julia's Bureau (which, we understand, has recently been re-opened) to inquire, through the late Mr. W. T. Stead, whether the malignant spirit of the murderer had anything to do with the recent catastrophe, second only to the *Titanic* disaster. If the answer be in the affirmative, we shall have to re-consider, in the interests of the living, the advisability of executing murderers. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and it is by no means impossible that some day it may be deemed wiser to keep revengeful and malignant spirits safely imprisoned in the flesh, rather than release them, by means of the gallows, to wreak their hatred upon the living.

Newspaper Competitions Bill.

Approving of our recent criticisms of the Newspaper Competitions Bill, a Poplar reader asks us to inform him "when all this kind of humbug and rot on the part of fanatic members of Parliament will cease." Great is his scorning thereof. "If," says he, "these self-styled saviours of morals are hard up for a job, and they really desire to protect the people, why don't they turn their attention to the swindlers who prey upon the poor and ignorant with fraudulent advertisements? A Bill passed making it a criminal offence wilfully to advertise any goods which are not as advertised, or advertise them in such a way as to constitute a trick to dispose of them, would be a boon and a blessing to some men and many women." Evidently we have readers in Poplar who think deep thoughts.

Hope for Mexico.

Generalissimo Carranza, of the Mexican rebel forces, says that the rebels will settle the American problem alone in a few months. As he alleges, further, that Huerta, the President, is a criminal, unfit for anything except the guillotine or the electric chair, it is presumed the problem will be settled by Carranza being elevated into a stained glass window, and Villa erected in the Plaza Mayor as a decree of Providence.

Contempt of Court.

Mr. Gillespie, the West Ham Magistrate, appears for once to have overstepped the bounds of judicial decorum. A youth named Lane was charged before him with a violent assault upon a woman, whom he was said to have robbed. The police evidence proved conclusively that a savage outrage had been perpetrated by someone, and the prisoner, who made no statement, was committed for trial. Angered by the recital of the woman's sufferings, the Magistrate took leave to observe that he was glad the accused was going to a place "where they could give him a more appropriate punishment than he could." "At the Old Bailey," he said, "they could give him the 'cat,' and he sincerely hoped they would." These heated utterances obviously presupposed the guilt of the prisoner, which had not been proved and concerning which he had as yet entered no plea. In these circumstances they were grossly improper, and we have no doubt the learned Magistrate has since repented his random outburst. It was a bad slip, all the same.

Thieves at the War Office.

It may, or may not, surprise the public that a great deal of petty pilfering goes on in Government departments, particularly the War Office. What happens in that peaceful place when anything is purloined has stirred the blood of the Messengers, who are immediately summoned before a superior official and subjected to humiliating and irritating examination and, it is alleged, almost accused of being the thieves. As this sort of thing has been going on for a long time, the Messengers are evidently an object of constant suspicion without proof, as is evident from the fact that no sooner is anything reported missing than the Branch Messenger is moved to another department. They naturally resent being treated as culprits without incrimination, and we do not wonder. Cannot the Intelligence Department find a new and less objectionable method of procedure? If not, they had better hand the business over to a Boy Scout.

A Mighty Machine.

The impending federation of the miners, the railwaymen and the transport workers is quite the biggest thing of its kind that has ever been attempted in this country. The scheme is now complete and merely awaits the ratification of a conference of the three organisations. Its provisions have a significance which transcends their immediate application, and it is not too much to say that the fruition of the project will mark a new epoch in the industrial struggle. The combine is clearly meant to be a fighting machine, and it is useless to blink the fact that it will be one of far greater efficiency than any that Trades Unionism has hitherto possessed. Its genesis is traceable to the growing faith of the organised workers in "direct action," born of dwindling confidence in their parliamentary nominees. A strong, real Labour Party, free from fads and formulas, would be the surest guarantee for peace in the industrial realm.

A Prince's Plight.

When Prince William of Wied ascended the throne of Albania we hoped for the best—while fearing the worst—and our misgivings have been more than justified by the progress of events. At length a veritable reign of terror has set in, and already there is talk of intervention by one or other of the Powers. Elsewhere in the Balkans there are indications that the present "truce of exhaustion" is nearing its end, and it is not unlikely that the *debacle* in Albania may furnish a pretext for a general renewal of hostilities. Indeed, it is credibly asserted that the failure of Prince William's experiment has been precipitated by Turkish intrigue. And at Constantinople German influence is supreme!

Hurry up! Last Chance to Win £300 for the Royal Hunt Cup.

Successful Suicide.

Those who have watched the tactics of the suffragettes will have some difficulty in appreciating a recent dictum of the Clerk to the Armagh Board of Guardians. "There is no law," says this authority, "which can prevent a person committing suicide by starvation." Yet this is precisely what scores of wild women have been attempting to do for many months past, so far with a complete want of success. But circumstances, proverbially, alter cases, and in the sad affair which was under notice the woman concerned, as far as we know, was quite respectable. Her husband had proved faithless and her child had died, and so she resolved to be quit of life. Systematically, she proceeded to starve herself to death. She had money in the savings bank, but refused to draw it. Food given her by neighbours she flung away. It is nearly over now, and the Guardians are powerless to intervene. But had the woman committed a crime, she would be rushed off to the prison infirmary and carefully nursed back to health, or else fed and freed. Funny world, eh?

Do it Again!

The past few weeks have witnessed a perfect epidemic of motor fatalities, and in more than one tragic instance there has been evidence of gross misconduct on the part of the drivers. In the control of dangerous vehicles there are two unpardonable offences. Drunkenness while in charge of a car, and failure to stop after an accident, should in all cases be visited with exemplary punishment. Yet we notice that a young blood, charged at Marlborough Street with both of these delinquencies, and with assaulting a cab-driver into the bargain, was let off with a monetary penalty. According to the charge-sheet, the addresses of the accused included a fashionable London flat, a West End hotel and a country house in Hertfordshire, and it may therefore be assumed that he will pay the fines without undue distress. In plain terms, he will escape punishment altogether!

Sunday Concerts in Camborne.

After an animated discussion at a meeting of the Camborne (Cornwall) Urban Council, it has been decided to permit the Town Band to give Sunday concerts in the public recreation ground. The usual kill-joy deputation bobbed up to protest against the wickedness of the proposal. Apparently by way of compromise, the Council allowed the Sunday concerts subject to the stipulation that the band should not be allowed to make a collection to defray expenses. When one of the members remarked that in Camborne the only place where a collection was permitted was in church, the Chairman told him he was outside the discussion. What the Chairman forgot was that the audience would be outside the church, and that they would probably be as willing to contribute towards a Sunday band performance as a Sunday sermon. It might also be argued by some that they would get as good value for their money.

Another Observant Cleric.

It is rather curious that whenever there is a picturesque exhibition afoot, some clergyman or other is sure to get a free ticket for the performance. Here, now, is the Rev. Richard Free, Vicar of St. Clement's, Fulham, writing to the papers to say that the other night a girl in her 'teens, sitting opposite to him in a tramcar, was wearing a blouse so inadequate that her bare flesh was visible nearly to the waist, "and but yesterday, in a high-class suburb, I found myself walking behind a fashionably-dressed lady whose every movement uncovered her left leg to the knee." Our sympathy is with the rev. gentleman; next time we strongly advise him to walk in front and let somebody else have a look.

Foredoomed!

"Because it is bad for people to take alcoholic drinks upon an empty stomach before ten o'clock in the morning, publicans should be legally prevented from opening their premises until that hour." This, or something very like it, is the principle upon which the new Scottish "Temperance" Act proceeds. At the best, the proposition is a highly debatable one, capable of much mischief in its practical applications. Even if it were permissible to make people do what others think good for them, by Act of Parliament, there would be insuperable difficulties in the realisation of such an ideal. Already thirsty Caledonians are concerting measures for the evasion of the new Act, and there are hints that the power of Trade Unions may be invoked to avert the tragedy of a "dry" breakfast interval. Such efforts to frustrate the operation of a law are a proof of its want of popular sanction and augur ill for its prospects of success. In point of national sobriety, we hope no more from late opening than early closing has contrived to achieve. Our "reformers" are on the wrong tack.

A Steep Estimate.

Not long ago we noticed a proposal by the Wandsworth Guardians to spend nearly fifty pounds upon a new carpet for their Board Room, and we now hear that the Mayor's Parlour at Kensington is to be elaborately panelled in oak, at a cost of £150. It is doubtless right that Kensington's Mayor should be accommodated with dignity, and we are not unmindful of the fact that it is thirteen years since his parlour was papered and painted; but when all this is said, we are staggered at the size of the estimate. What it will mount up to when paint, whitewash and varnish are included, we tremble to think. True, the ratepayers of Kensington are for the most part prosperous, and if they approve of this sort of thing it is perhaps no business of anybody else's—but we are by no means sure that they do. It will be remembered that the officials of the Royal Borough turned a deaf ear to the pitiful plea for assistance of Pooley, who was poisoned by sewer gas while bravely rescuing some of the Council's workmen.

Trams *de Luxe*.

In Edgbaston, the Belgravia of Birmingham, a somewhat snobbish municipal experiment has met with failure, abject and complete. Special "first class" tramcars were recently provided, in which superior persons might travel at double fares and thus avoid rude contact with the common herd. The furniture of these vehicles was of a somewhat more comfortable character than that of the ordinary trams, but for the most part the distinction was one of "class" alone. It must have needed no small enterprise to attempt to drive a social wedge between penny and twopenny tram riders, and the failure of the heroic project will doubtless occasion some heart-searching in high municipal quarters.

Realism's Reward.

Our readers probably recollect that a few weeks ago our Tame Corn Cutter had a straight talk with Mr. Asquith, under the heading "In the Hands of the Chiropodist." The article has resulted in an amusing sequel. Impressed by the professional tone of our skit, and detecting some resemblance between Mr. Asquith's pedal problems (as diagnosed) and his own, a Welsh reader has written asking us to put him in communication with the writer of the article, who, he feels sure, must be "an Expert in Foot Troubles." As a matter of fact, our Tame Corn Cutter is neither a physician nor surgeon, but our old friend the Barber, who has given so many celebrities a close shave in the Barber's Chair!

Don't forget the Pen Coupon. See page ii. of Cover.

An Essential Tribunal.

Scarcely a week passes without some striking testimony to the value of the Court of Criminal Appeal. A tithe of the cases in which this tribunal has thought fit to quash the convictions would serve to justify its existence and to demonstrate its supreme utility. At the Hants County Sessions a soldier was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for a vicious assault upon a woman. As so often happens, the guilt or innocence of the accused turned almost wholly upon the question of identification. The culprit was said to have owned "a heavy ginger moustache," and the prisoner was supposed to have shaved his upper lip in order to escape detection. Thus "disguised," he was unhesitatingly identified by several witnesses. Unhappily for their hasty judgment, seven weeks in gaol failed to produce any moustache worth mentioning, and this circumstance, coupled with other material considerations, induced the Appeal Court to set aside the conviction and discharge the prisoner. A few years ago the unhappy man would have had no right of appeal, and consequently no means of redress. And Scotland to-day has no Court of Criminal Appeal!

A Modern Babylon.

It is widely supposed that Canada is principally inhabited by sturdy and stolid pioneers of the Pilgrim Father type, in whom there is plenty of go, but no trace of guile. This engaging picture is somewhat robbed of its bloom by recent disclosures in the city of Montreal. The Appeal Court will shortly consider the refusal of the Commissioners to renew the licences of a set of night cabarets in the principal street of the city. It is said that these places are run upon "Continental" lines, and it is implied that they have been conducted with a total want of decency and order. One responsible official went so far as to declare that their continuance for another year would mean "the deliberate holocaust of hundreds of girls." The authorities are said to be keenly alive to the perils incurred by girl emigrants who have failed to obtain employment upon their arrival in the Dominion. Parents, beware!

A Merited Snub.

The licence of advocacy threatens to exceed all bounds, and we are glad to note that Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane has administered a smart rebuke to a barrister practising in his Court. An actress giving evidence in a matrimonial suit was persistently questioned by counsel concerning a somewhat delicate episode in her early career. With no apparent relevance to the questions at issue, the witness was "taken back" to 1892. For this gratuitous impertinence counsel, it seems, had no better excuse than that he "must begin at the beginning." This troublesome view of his duty was sharply corrected by the Judge, who sternly protested against "unnecessary mud-throwing." Such censure is wholesome, and we trust his Lordship will repeat the dose as occasion may require. The latitude commonly accorded to counsel is mischievously excessive and may easily deter sensitive persons from assisting the course of justice.

Saccho and "John Bull."

For the purpose of earning his daily bread, Saccho, the fasting man, is trying to go without any at Hull for fifty days and nights. In place of bodily sustenance he finds mental food in JOHN BULL, which he was eagerly devouring on the occasion of a visit paid to his place of exhibition by one of our readers. After all, man cannot live by bread alone.

Smells v. Stinks.

The Urban Fathers of Haslemere, in Surrey, are so anxious to protect their fellow burgesses from bad odours that, we are informed, they have asked the sanction of the Local Government Board to prohibit certain trades in the area under their jurisdiction, namely, fish frying and rag and bone dealing. From what we can learn, whilst they are thus straining at imperceptible gnats they are swallowing a very large and odoriferous camel. Haslemere, it appears, possesses no sewage system, and every night at 10 o'clock, or thereabouts, the collecting carts or tanks rumble forth to tour the town for the purpose of removing the sewage which has accumulated during the preceding twenty-four hours. We are credibly assured that persons who chance to be abroad after that time are always liable to encounter these noisesome but apparently necessary sewage receptacles, and that the experience is not one to be courted. It occurs to us, therefore, that if the Haslemere councillors were to set about instituting a decent sewage system instead of pestering the L.G.B. to give them powers to prohibit such harmless trades as fish frying, they would not only show a keener regard for the health of their community, but earn the thanks of all who are provided with a sense of smell.

Down in the Mine.

The evidence heard at the Notts. Shire Hall against the Digby Colliery Company, Mr. Dennis Bayley, J.P., the Agent and Managing Director, and Mr. Raymond Nadin, the Manager, amply illustrates what we have always contended—that pit ponies undergo a vast deal of suffering which comes to light only by chance. How long the horses in this pit had been forced to their tasks with big raw sores, abrasions, and bruises on them—how long they would have continued in this condition, how long the injuries to the horses would have remained unrecorded in the report book but for the visit of an inspector, may be left to conjecture. There is, however, no doubt that the animals were found in the condition described by the veterinary witnesses, and if there had been proper and humane supervision they could have been saved all their suffering.

The Red Light.

Here is an interesting extract from a letter recently received by us:—

> I am a signalman on the North British Railway. My cabin is on the main line to London (East Coast). It is also a junction. I may state I am far from content with my wages (22s. per week). I once made the acquaintance of a roadsweeper who earns 24s. standing wage in Edinburgh. I do not begrudge him his money. I suppose he earns it, or he would not get it. On an average, I "pass" 50 or 60 trains per shift, and if I "slow" one, may the Lord help me! I have managed to carry out my duties satisfactorily, and I like my work. I do not wish this to be read as a complaint *to you*, but as a comparison. I suppose I should be thankful I am working—well, I am!

So are we!

A Shock from Reading.

In vain have we looked round in the effort to perceive the unco guid of Reading rising in their might, having regard to the decision of the local Board of Guardians that the inmates of the workhouse shall be supplied with a few packs of cards to while away the idle hour. What will now happen, probably, is that the inmates will engage in a desperate gamble for pipes o' bacca and be drawn deeper and deeper into the pit of ruin. Won't some rev. gent. of the Free Church Council or the Killjoy Tabernacle kindly call a Love Feast to meet the occasion and pass a resolution thereon?

Ready July 1. "More Tabloid Tales," by Louise Heilgers. Price 1/- net.

The Seamy Side.

Never, we suppose, were the consequences of an Act of Parliament completely foreseen by its promoters. The sponsors of a reforming measure are pardonably prone to look only at one side of the shield. We all remember the glowing prophecies which accompanied the enactment of the Old Age Pensions scheme. We recall those fervid perorations, in which the lot of "veterans of industry," secure in the State's bounty and freed from the thraldom of the Poor Law, was eloquently pictured. There was little disposition to reflect that it is utterly impossible to support life decently on five shillings a week, and that those who have no other means will assuredly be better off within the workhouse walls. Down at Shoreditch the other day an inquest was held on a poor old soul who had tried the bitter experiment and died in the attempt. Out of her weekly pittance she had paid a florin for rent, leaving fivepence a day for the remaining necessities of life. But for the Old Age Pensions Act the Poor Law would have claimed her. The case is by no means exceptional, and it is "up" to the "reformers" to devise a remedy.

Politeness is a Jewel.

Judging by a letter before us, they have a charming way of collecting their gas accounts at Tenbury. "Dear Sir," writes Mr. A. S. Miles, the Secretary, "we shall be obliged by your letting us have the amount of your accounts, as we have some very heavy coal bills to meet this week, and are rather short of the needful. Will you kindly oblige? Yours truly." The appropriate response to this really was "Dear Sir,—I very much fear I shall be unable to pay your gas accounts this week as I have some heavy meat bills to meet, but I will call on the butcher to see whether he is in a hurry, and if he is willing to wait it will do me proud to satisfy your polite demands. Yours ever," but the customer was so impressed by the thought of what might happen to the gas supply if the Company by any chance could not pay for their last half-hundredweight of coal that he promptly settled the bill.

Too Late.

A Nottingham gentleman of the name of Sommerfield writes to the Editor of the *Newark Advertiser*, earnestly requesting to be allowed to suggest that all Christians should start praying, at the same time, that "this highly-important Kingdom should be saved from further destruction and injury by the present Coalition Government and their term of office brought to a close at once." The suggestion comes rather late in the season—as the present Parliament is nearly run; but by all means let us pray, though, as small prophets, we do not anticipate very quick "returns."

The Last Word in Posters.

Have you seen it yet—the wonderful poster which now adorns the hoarding round the site of the old G.P.O. at the corner of Cheapside and Aldersgate Street? Upwards of 1,000 feet in length and consisting of a procession of all the celebrities of the day, painted in oils, reading JOHN BULL, it is the sight as well as the site of London.

Home, Sweet Home.

Advertisement from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, Canada: "Scotch Girl will give services in part for passage back to old country. Box——." Think of puir Jeannie emigrating to Canada in order to give her services for her passage back again. It is worse than backing The Tetrarch for the Derby, before it was scratched!

HAPPY "RETURNS."

Roses and Lillies and Sweet-Scented Flowers Bringing God's Gladness In Suffering Hours.

JOHN BULL *has to thank most sincerely the hundreds of his friends who have made the latest anniversary of his birthday one of glorious gladness. From farthest North down to the Channel Islands, from farthest East out to Galway on the West, our readers have answered our appeal for flowers with showers of the fairest blooms. And such delightful flowers, to gladden and brighten for a while the lives of the sufferers in our hospitals and infirmaries! On behalf of the sufferers,* JOHN BULL *voices heartfelt thanks to those who robbed their gardens to brighten the hospital wards. Thanks, a thousand thanks!*

With a beautiful bouquet of roses, from Llanymynech in Montgomeryshire, came this card of greeting:—

This world we're living in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet!

Doubly sweet when they bring the perfume of true human sympathy to the suffering and afflicted.

You who have not yet sent your roses or lilies, or your humble but delightful wall-flowers, are not yet too late with your JOHN BULL *birthday offering. We ask for your gift, but not for ourselves. We shall give you all the honour, provided you comfort the sorrowing. This we would have you note particularly. If you prefer to send your blooms and blossoms direct to your own local hospital or infirmary, by all means do so, stating that they are a* JOHN BULL *Birthday Greeting. If, however, you prefer that we should undertake the work of distribution of your flowers, and would like to ear-mark your gift for any particular hospital or infirmary in the London area, you may do so. We, on our part, will see that your garden treasures are distributed strictly according to your wishes.*

Sincerest thanks to those who have already sent. Thanks, in anticipation, to all who, at our suggestion, will decorate the hospital wards to celebrate JOHN BULL'S *birthday. Then for a day* JOHN *will forget all the thorns of trouble. He will ever remember*

You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet!

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THE SPRING CLEAN.

The poet who asserted that
There is no place like home—
Be it a cottage, house, or flat—
No matter where we roam,
Gave utterance unto a truth,
As I will show anon;
There IS *no place like home, forsooth,*
When the Spring Clean is on!

The dear, familiar household gods
Stand, corpse-like, in their shrouds,
Whilst callous servitors (vile clods!)
Compel the dust in clouds;
Pails in the dark, soap on the stairs,
And other traps and gins,
Await to take one unawares
When the Spring Clean begins.

Through the appalling time there IS
No place like home, thank heav'n!
And that's why unexpected biz
Detains me till eleven
(For biz read billiards); luckily
The pressure seems to run
(I try to bear it pluckily)
Till the Spring Clean is done!

Jolly Holidays provided by "Bullets" every week. See page 34.

THE NEXT GREAT SHIPPING DISASTER.

OUR WARNINGS DISREGARDED—THE BUSINESS SOLUTION.

On April 27th, 1912, writing on the *Titanic* disaster, we stated that "The argument as to the unsinkability of modern ships is all bunkum," and called attention to the fact that "although the s.s. *Pericles* was built with a double bottom, watertight compartments, and all other paraphernalia supposed to render a vessel unsinkable, she foundered quickly after striking a rock." Again, in the historic article, published on November 19th, 1910, in which we warned the owners of the *Titanic* of the insufficiency of lifeboats on that type of vessel, we stated that the explanation of the Company—that such ships were practically unsinkable—was most unsatisfactory. "No vessel," we said, "can be considered unsinkable if it meets with certain concussions." These warnings and protests—for we returned again and again to the subject—have been so far disregarded, and the result has been seen in the terrible disaster which has just horrified the world.

We are not surprised at *any* maritime catastrophe whilst the control of our mercantile marine is left in the hands of the bogus "Board" of Trade. We agree that Mr. Burns has not yet had time to make a clean sweep of the Augean stable, but what can we expect from a Government Department whose head had the effrontery to go into the witness-box and state that "the Board of Trade have nothing to learn from the *Titanic* disaster"? They have, however, to a certain extent learned something from our articles, unpleasant though their reading must have been. Certain vessels are now compelled to comply with our demand for "boats for all," but in the equally important matter of boat-davits, falls, etc., things remain practically as when Noah built the Ark. We have repeatedly warned the "Board" that in the event of a collision, followed by the vessel taking a list, half the boats would never be got over the side, and we were the first to point out the necessity of a centre derrick, by means of which, when the deck was at an angle, the boats could be launched from the lee side, and which could easily be designed so that they could be lifted from one side to the other. But our study of the new Regulations shows that, notwithstanding all the Committees which have sat (the composition of which we have severely criticised), not one single practical scheme for working boats clear of a vessel's side in the event of a list or heavy rolling, has been insisted upon. We do not, of course, say that, in the case of a vessel sinking, as did the *Empress of Ireland*, in seventeen minutes, it would ever be possible to launch all the boats, but had she possessed better appliances many more boats could have been got over the side, and, consequently, many more people would have been saved.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The breaking down of the Marconi wireless apparatus emphasises the need—which we have so often pointed out—for a motor-driven dynamo on the top deck, which should be of sufficient power to supply current for the emergency lights and the Marconi installation, besides working the lifeboat lowering gear. Yet the "Board" have ignored this essential—with the result which we predicted, namely, that on the occasion of the next big disaster the boilers were again disabled and the electric lights and wireless apparatus thus rendered useless.

It is folly to fit a vessel with a large number of boats and complicated gear if no attempt is made to increase the number of practical men trained to handle them. The "Board's" Regulations regarding the manning of vessels carrying large numbers of passengers are an absolute scandal.

We cannot but think that the great loss of life—and property—due to the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland* has been caused by circumstances that could have been—and will one day *have* to be—avoided. The loss of the vessel is primarily attributable to the failure of the "watertight bulkheads." As we have previously pointed out, too much reliance is placed upon the present method of arranging these bulkheads.

THE QUESTION OF BULKHEADS.

In response to the public agitation at the time of this disaster, the "Board" of Trade appointed a Bulkheads Committee, which has been sitting now for nearly two years, but so far without any result. The Committee consists largely of men representing the shipbuilding and shipowning interests, and, naturally, it is not to their advantage to recommend drastic and expensive changes. Now the public will doubtless demand that something shall be done—and that speedily. The delay of the "Board" in issuing the Report of the Committee would seem to indicate a hope that the matter will be forgotten by the public. The whole system of watertight compartments and bulkheads must be altered; and the public should at once insist that vessels licensed to carry large numbers of passengers are fitted, not only with transverse watertight bulkheads, but also with longitudinal bulkheads, carried up to the main deck.

Vessels afloat now, such as the *Philadelphia*, the *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, and others, have a centre bulkhead, and it is only through the neglect of the "Board" of Trade—which panders to the shipowners' interests and pockets—that these bulkheads are not insisted on.

The double skin fitted in the *Olympic*, and in the *Britannic*, is only a make-believe, and is useless; *and we predict that should either of these vessels meet with a collision similar to that which befel the "Empress of Ireland," it will be found that those who trusted in this have been relying upon an easily broken reed.*

Another question arising is that of speed in fog. We have before pointed out that, notwithstanding the fact that it is reported that such and such a liner has experienced hours of fog, if the time of the voyage is reckoned it is obvious that she was driven at her maximum speed—fog or no fog—proving that these vessels at all times travel at their fastest. It is the old story, "Familiarity breeds contempt." In such narrow waters as the entrance to the St. Lawrence River both these colliding vessels should have been going dead slow, if not actually stopped, when they encountered the "mist."

EXCURSION PERILS.

The excursion steamer season has just now commenced, and we again warn travellers in these cockleshells. No reliance whatever can be placed in the Passenger Certificates issued by the "Board" of Trade. The provision of boats, etc., is no better than it was. The pleasure steamers round the coast are merely tin kettles; the least blow and the plates would fracture and the vessel sink. They should be fitted with a large number of watertight compartments, so that if one or two are pierced the boat would still keep afloat. Unless this is done we predict a terrible disaster on one of the overcrowded eggshells allowed by an incompetent, useless, inefficient and ignorant "Board" of Trade to run as death-traps around the coast. A picture on a small scale of what would happen was given to us on Saturday night, when the *Oriole* collided with an Allan Liner.

A SHYLOCK'S BOND.

WHO'D WANT TO SING IN OPERA?

Few who enjoy the performances of stage entertainers have any accurate notion of the cruel economic conditions which too commonly obtain in "the profession." Occasionally there is a legal squabble, in the course of which the public are treated to "a peep behind the scenes," but for the most part the sufferers are silent, lest worse befall. The artiste who is strong enough to fight the management is generally strong enough to dictate terms of his own choosing. To those of lesser standing litigation is a perilous enterprise at the best, and one in which victory may prove in the long run more costly than defeat.

In the City of London Sheriffs' Court, Mr. Charles Manners, a well-known operatic manager, sued his principal basso for breach of contract. Against the defaulting singer the case was made to appear black indeed. So heartlessly had the fellow behaved that Mr. Manners had been compelled to abandon a projected "rest cure" and rush across half a continent to take his place in the company. "Theatrical people," said the plaintiff, "were notoriously prone to try to get rid of their contracts. They signed with the appearance of agreeing to everything under the sun and later they wanted to get out of it." The managers retain the whip hand, however, and the defendant, who had given a fortnight's notice of his intention to quit the company, has to make amends by the payment of £50.

In all such disputes it is obviously the "cue" of the plaintiffs to insist upon the "freedom" of their contracts and to dilate upon the want of principle which prompts an artiste to "get out of" his signed agreement. In too many instances, however, the "free contract" is little more than a legal fiction. Signatures are apt to be lightly given when "sign or starve" is the only visible alternative. Moreover, from a glance at the stereotyped agreement form employed by the Moody-Manners Company, we are by no means surprised that artistes should need little inducement to "get out of it." The precious document is before us, and we are bound to say that a more one-sided bargain we have rarely seen. The whole thing reeks of pains and penalties for the most trivial offences, the usual punishment being a fine of anything from a night's to a week's salary, or, in default, instant dismissal. Like most things in this gloriously "free" arrangement, the choice of penalty is "at the option of the management." Here and there, the threat of an "action for damages" lends variety to the pretty scheme. We have no space for details of these punitive clauses, which, as Mr. Manners accurately suggests, seem to cover "everything under the sun." Not content with exhausting their legal authority, the Company arrogate to themselves the right to suspend the operation of the ordinary law. We read:—

> Notwithstanding anything contained in the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, or any Act continuing or amending the same, the Artiste shall not, nor shall the Artiste's legal personal representative in case of the said Artiste's death, have any right of compensation or any remedy whatever against the Company, in respect of any personal injury which may be caused to the Artiste.

The clause goes on to enumerate a variety of ways in which an artiste may come to grief through the negligence of the management. Most of the singers, however, including some of the "stars," are sufficiently badly paid to come within the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Act, which flatly forbids any such arrangement for "contracting out." As far as they are concerned, the clause we have quoted is a dead letter, serving only as a monument for meanness. For once Messrs. Moody-Manners have over-reached themselves.

The principal basso mentioned above came to grief through supposing that what was sauce for his goose was good enough for the managerial gander. An artiste employed by the Company is bound "for the run of the season," but he is all the time liable to two weeks' notice of dismissal at the whim of the management. He must agree, moreover, to observe such "further rules and regulations" as may be "deemed expedient by the management," coupled with such additional fines and forfeits as may seem good in their eyes. Working under these conditions, and qualified to deputise for "star" soloists, a principal tenor was paid three sovereigns a week! Really, Mr. Manners!

STEWARDS AND STINKS.

A WORD WITH THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

We desire to draw the attention of the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and also of the Board of Trade, to the disgraceful accommodation allotted to the stewards on the Royal Mail Steamship *Agidir*, running between London and Morocco. There are 16 stewards on this boat. The accommodation supplied is in the bow of the vessel. Besides the 16 stewards, the boatswain and the carpenter have their quarters in the same place, making 18 men in all. Being in the front part of the vessel, every wave that comes over penetrates into these quarters, and perpetually soaks the clothes of the men quartered there. The boatswain and the carpenter have a small cubicle containing two berths. In this space they also have to have their meals. Directly next to this is the one and only lavatory—for the use of 18 men! And the space is so limited that when it is in use it is impossible to close the door!

These stewards have an average of 17 hours work out of every 24, and are supposed to keep themselves smart and clean for serving the passengers. The only washing accommodation given them is in the pails which they use for emptying the passengers' slops. There is no place whatever in which to keep their clothes. Consequently in rough weather their uniforms (which, by the way, they have to supply at their own expense) are constantly being soaked with water.

Space does not permit us to give the full details we should like, but we do call on the Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company at once to remedy the disgusting condition of affairs now existing, and we ask the Board of Trade to see that the improvement is immediately made, as men working 17 hours per day for 24 days on the stretch are certainly deserving of better treatment than they now have, the accommodation being as bad as can possibly be imagined.

We understand the same horrible conditions exist upon the sister vessel, the *Arzila*.

AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT.

TRICKSTER BITES OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW.

A Shropshire reader has, by making a stand, saved himself money, as well as taught a trickster a wholesome lesson. He recently succumbed to the blandishments of a representative of Johns, the proprietor of the Enamotype Company, one of the disreputable photo-enlargement concerns, to the extent of accepting the offer of a free enlargement. In a previous case a clergyman, who had been in communication with us in regard to a similar transaction, ultimately compounded for half the price of the claim for a guinea, said to be the value of a frame with which he had been landed, as it was impossible for him to make a long journey to London to contest the matter. This is to be regretted, as our clerical friend was armed with letters from others of the cloth whom Johns had advertised as giving him testimonials. One of them stated that he had no recollection of writing such a document, while another expressed regret that he had foolishly adopted Johns's mis-description of the artistic masterpiece, by styling it a "crayon" instead of an enlarged photograph. In the latest instance, as will have been gathered, the victim was not, however, inclined to "turn the other cheek." In order that the matter could be properly fought out he got the place of hearing transferred to his local County Court—which must have been to Johns an unexpected "development," as he had been accustomed to choosing his own battlefield. He was anticipating a nice showing up of Mr. Johns in Court, but on the day of hearing that worthy did not present himself, and judgment was, of course, entered against him. We hope the fact that he has been ordered to pay £2 os. costs will impress upon him the old adage that you can fool all the world some of the time, some of the world all the time, but not all the world all the time. If our friend has any trouble in getting his money, we suggest that he should garnishee the sums paid by other victims into Johns' account at the City of London Court.

Look out for "John Bull in Crankyland"—our Summer Annual. Coming shortly.

HOGGE AND CO.

A PARSON'S PROTEST.—VIGOROUS CLERICAL DEFENCE OF NEWSPAPER COMPETITIONS.

By a Parson.

"The Reverend Meyer, and Hawke our dog,
Would rule all England under the Hogge."
(*Ancient historical couplet, slightly altered*).

That weird and pestilent being, the modern crank, is once again on the war path with regard to newspaper competitions. Although these literary skill contests have been judicially declared legal, and not in the nature of lotteries, a certain Hogge has thought it necessary to bring in a Bill to suppress all newspaper competitions, under dire pains and penalties. Among the curiously constituted persons who support this egregious and insolent measure, may be noted Sir George Toulmin, M.P., part proprietor of a powerful journal which draws a considerable revenue for racing news and tips for backers; and Mr. Arthur Henderson, ex-Chairman of the Labour Party! And Mr. Snowden! Although there is small chance, indeed, that such a wicked, selfish, and mischievous move will culminate in a legal enactment, one yet stands aghast at this fresh impertinence—this renewed abominable attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject, and to deprive thousands of perfectly respectable people of a harmless recreation, on the sole ground that it occasionally proves financially profitable, as well as interesting and instructive. It is simply too disgusting—as the costermonger said, when the rich man's motor knocked over his barrow, scattering the contents in the street: "there ain't no words for it." If there is one thing more than another calculated to stir the bile of Englishmen, to quench every worthy feeling, and to excite to the utmost some of the worst passions of our nature, it is this sort of utterly uncalled for, and absolutely infernal, interference with private individual liberty. It would tax the powers of the greatest sophist in this country to prove that any kind of evil has resulted from newspaper competitions, on the whole. On the contrary, they have brought joy, and gladness, and sorely needed help into many a home.

False "Enthusiasm of Humanity."

Judged with scrupulous fairness, and in the most honourable manner, by highly qualified gentlemen, the element of chance is in the vast majority of cases absolutely eliminated. The supposed inability to cope with a multitude of coupons (as was admirably pointed out in a recent case by one of his Majesty's judges) can be, and is, effectually met by an increase of staff, the expense of which those promoting these competitions are prepared to bear. The harm done by a certain class of fussy, self-righteous, and interfering people is probably almost infinite. The words of the great Bishop Magee, that he "would sooner see England free than sober" have, in the light of modern crankism, become luminous with splendid meaning. Even if it be possible to credit these dour fanatics with some kind of morbid sincerity, and "the enthusiasm of humanity"—forsooth!—it is quite certain, as has been well said, that "the modern enthusiasm of humanity provides a wide margin for moral frauds; and another side of the problem may be found in a fact that history has all along conclusively evidenced—namely, that, in the last analysis, there is no greater uncharity than false charity, and nothing more cruel than a pseudo humanitarianism." The spectacle of men of leisure, wealth, and position, attempting in the most narrow, selfish, and irritating manner to deprive their less fortunate fellow creatures of one of the few pleasures that break and brighten the monotony of their lives, and in thousands of cases of their only chance of a little financial fortune, is as odious as the cant that supports the move is nauseating and sickening. There is no surer way to unmake men than to force on them an officious, uncalled for, and unwelcome protection against themselves. "Trust thyself," says Emerson; "everything vibrates to that iron string." Modern crankism will not trust an Englishman with the spending of sixpence; but will tell him how to do it, or forbid the spending altogether. It is time to "have done with this fooling."

A Government Peril.

If the present Government are so ill-advised as to afford facilities for this rotten Bill, it is no exaggeration to say it will cost them tens of thousands of votes. Englishmen are not babies, and it is time they made Puritan fanatics understand that they do not need moral nurses. This thing must be not scotched, but effectually squelched: the Bill must be killed, and its corpse flung on a dung hill. Let all newspaper competitors who have votes at once bring this matter in the most forcible and unmistakable manner to the notice of their several "members," that the strongest possible opposition may be offered in the House of Commons to this fatuous measure, and the cranks receive a quietus for many a long day. Slightly altering the words of Demosthenes, when of old he urged the Athenians to rise against a threatening tyranny, I would say: "Newspaper competitors—march against Hogge."

These competitions have been enjoyed by all sorts and conditions of men, including the clergy, who have sometimes been prize-winners. Our recognised spiritual teachers, and some million of their fellow countrymen and women, have seen no harm in such competitions. It was reserved for Hogge and Co. to sniff out evil—so ignorant are we till men of genius condescend to enlighten us!

Mischievous Meddlers.

Why cannot these politicians stick to their job? What have *they* to do with people's "morals"—as they are pleased to call them? Cannot they leave that sort of thing to us parsons? Our work is being gradually taken out of our hands by these parliamentary prudes and busy-bodies—and a nice mess they are making of it! It is *they* who are emptying the churches and chapels, it is *they* who are destroying religion; it is *they* who are killing the spiritual life of the nation. Once let the community think that a proper standard of conduct is secured and guaranteed by Act of Parliament, and it will not trouble itself further. There are a thousand ways in which they *could* help us, Heaven knows! As it is, they are becoming a public nuisance and a public menace. If I were not a parson I would say, "To Hades with them!"—believing that is the only place where they would be cheerful. A robust, self-reliant and happy people bores them to tears.

One word more. Have Hogge & Co. ever realised the humdrum monotony of the average country parson's life? If so, I am sure that even they would not lightly deprive him of the pleasurable excitement of such a recreation as "Bullets"—which, by the way, have become quite an institution in many a sleepy parish. Personally, I scarcely know what I should now do without them; whilst I do not mind admitting that I am hugging to my bosom a ticket in the Patrick O'Brien Sweep, and have already planned a new parish room, a cottage hospital, and a small competence for my own old age out of the big prize which I am persuaded that ticket will draw!

"HALVES, PARTNER!"

TENDER LEAVES OF HOPE—AND A KILLING FROST.

Noticing an announcement in a Sunday journal stating that rags, old metals, rubber, and other oddments were wanted, two Bournemouth fourteen-year-old schoolboys communicated with the advertisers, the Atlas Company, of 4, Umfreville Road, Harringay, London. In the end, the lads sent to the Company a miscellaneous assortment of electric-light tops, old silver watch-cases and similar juvenile treasures—they probably having determined that the time had arrived for following the wise example of St. Paul by putting away childish things, especially as a ready market was offered for them. Some preliminary finance was, however, necessary, in order to float the enterprise, but ultimately one of the partners provided the working expenses, in the shape of fourpence to cover postage of the parcel, and the youthful Potash and Perlmutter began to count the weary hours which they calculated would have to pass before they could "touch." Their reckoning ran up into big figures, without hearing from the Company, and their patience was exhausted; so a week after the dispatch of the goods they wrote to the Atlas people, politely suggesting that the business of the firm was no doubt so heavy that the completion of the small matter had, perforce, been delayed, and expressing the hope that an early settlement would be possible. Again, the burden upon Atlas's seems to have prevented their replying; a further reminder, sent some ten days later, was necessary, and this contained the threat that, should they still delay a settlement, the case would be reported to a friend who had "Government connections"—they naturally thinking this claim to social distinction more impressive than a frank avowal of the fact that the correspondents were two youths living at a small sweet shop. Be that as it may, it seems to have "touched the spot"—for at last came a dirty, begrimed postcard, bearing the words: "We received your small parcel; matter shall have early attention," and a few days later a cheque for 3s. 2d. arrived. A local tradesman cashed it, and the lads lost no time in spending the money—mostly on picture theatres, though we are glad to learn that literature, in the shape of some copies of *Mary Bull*, was not neglected. Great, indeed, was their dismay to learn shortly afterwards that the cheque had been returned marked "Refer to drawer"!

Thinking it a shame that either the bright youths or the friendly shopkeeper should lose the money, we sent a representative to visit the Atlas Works. They were found to be a disused stable, the only stock visible being old bottles and iron. When tackled with the delinquency, the man upon the premises said that a postal order for the amount had been forwarded the night before, though he would not, or could not, produce the counterfoil. The letter containing the remittance, however, apparently did not catch the post—at any rate, it did not reach the youths the next day, nor had it done so a week later. In these circumstances, we have forwarded the amount to our young friends, as their tradesman acquaintance is "getting a bit restless." If the Atlas Company have a spark of honour left they will send us that postal order at once.

MORE PRAISE FROM PARSONS.

Here is a letter from the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd, of Upper Norwood:—

> May I thank you for the good I feel you do with your paper JOHN BULL. You condemn all hypocrites and humbugs, you condemn all inadequate decisions in Courts of Justice, and at the same time you bring into prominent notice all noble actions, and give the praise which is needed. I feel it is not for me even to *appear* to be criticising you, but I do so admire your prompt and clinching decisions, and your paper seems never at fault. True heroism and courageous behaviour as well as old English courtesy wants recognising, and you do it. It is really a great pleasure to me to read your paper. I so agree that true Christianity should exhibit manliness, and that true manliness must savour of Christianity even if it be not expressed. Long may you continue to do good is the earnest wish of my heart.

A SAILOR AND A MAN.

MODERN VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Eleven months ago we published details of the hard case of an Italian sailor who, two years earlier, had met with an accident on board ship, in which he lost his right thumb. Being deprived of all gripping power, he was practically completely disabled. For five months he received compensation at the rate of 16s. a week, and then had to apply to the Judge of the Manchester County Court, who ordered a continuance of the allowance for a further six weeks. Being at the expiration of this period unable to get employment, he made an application for a permanent compensation award, which was entered for hearing in July, 1912. Five days before the case came on he received an offer of work from the Shipping Federation—the organisation of the shipowners—who had prior to this been unable to offer him a job, merely referring him to various shipmasters, who had unanimously declined to employ him. On coming to London to embark, he found that a strike was in progress, and that he was being forced into the distasteful rôle of a blackleg. He declined, being unwilling to injure his fellows, and possibly feeling some fear for his personal safety, and ultimately managed, by sacrificing the greater part of his clothes, to get back to Newport, only to have his application for compensation struck out on the ground of his alleged refusal to work, he being ordered to pay the costs, the Judge giving the kindly direction that further proceedings were forbidden him until he had paid them—an absolutely impossible task. He subsequently obtained a job by adopting the expedient of keeping his hand in his pocket at the crucial interview, but was promptly "fired" on the deception becoming known.

We are glad to get another letter from the poor fellow, and to gather that, despite his callous treatment in his sad misfortune, he has managed to rub along. He is now going back to sea, though not, of course, as an able seaman. He is extremely grateful for our advocacy of his claim to justice, and tells us that, if he does not break his neck before he saves money enough to settle the costs, he will certainly prosecute his action—"Not for the lust of money in itself, because when I've any I can be as big a 'boozer' as any of them, but for the right of the cause I have been striving for." A carelessly scrawled postscript adds: "Coming out from the pub with shipmates to booze remainder of advance note when I got a job, I bought last week's JOHN BULL, and read about your birthday floral offerings for hospitals. Sorry I've got only two bob and a few coppers left, and send the two bob for flowers. Hope you'll excuse the smallness of gift, but was too late. When I read JOHN BULL the money had gone already. Good-bye, and happy birthday!"

Among the many kindly tokens of goodwill which have reached us during the last week, none has touched us more than this sincere offering from an Italian sailor who evidently embodies the winning elements of our own "hearts of oak." We have, of course, had much pleasure in laying out the amount in the purchase of flowers for poor hospital patients. We heartily wish our friend *bon voyage* in his search for the golden fleece—or, at any rate, the gold—and hope that he will soon be back with plenty of shot in his locker, with which to bombard the ogres of the law until they yield him his rightful treasure.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER!

Oh, Maple Leaf; Oh, Maple Leaf;
Oh, Land of Milk and Honey;
Oh, Land of Wealth and Golden Sheaf,
Where emigrants make money.

Where starving men are never known,
And fortune all can make them;
And dollar bills on trees are grown
For anyone to take them.

Oh, Maple Leaf, from many a land
Poor fools to you are coming,
And jobless on the streets will stand
To try and live by bumming.

HUGH LLOYD.

Our Roval Hunt Cup Contest closes June 16. Don't delay.

"ALL MY EYE."

MORTGAGE BROKER'S TWENTY POUND LOOK.

Messrs. Bradburn and Co., Mortgage and Estate Agents, of Richmond, appear to be "big people" in their way, and we are duly impressed by their statement that they have "£750,000 ready and waiting for all classes of securities." "Cinema palaces" and hotels are their principal lines, and it is in connection with these ventures that they pine to negotiate financial deals. Established in 1834, they have learned to handle millions with the skill and *finesse* which experience alone can teach. Where "big money" is concerned, they are "the people."

Their *modus operandi* is simplicity itself. As soon as you have selected a site for your proposed erection, Bradburn and Co. will send down "our senior" to have a look at it. His visual efforts will cost you anything from five to twenty guineas, according to circumstances. The gentleman is certainly somewhat expensive, but he is undoubtedly "the goods." His eagle eye, while taking in every detail of the landscape, can pierce the subsoil and penetrate even to the waters under the earth. At a glance he can gauge every feature of the situation and determine to a farthing what it will stand in the way of a speculative loan. If you want judgment of this sort you must pay for it. "Our senior" is the mainstay of Messrs. Bradburn and Co. There is a fortune in his eye. If you think he is going squinting round for nothing, you'll find you've made a mistake.

A St. Leonards reader contemplated the erection of an hotel at Cliftonville, and he accordingly outlined his plans to Messrs. Bradburn and Co. In reply, he received a lengthy letter, the perusal of which has sorely tried our powers of vision. We strongly urge the firm to employ a tiny fraction of their unbounded credit in the purchase of a typewriter. Meanwhile, we cull the following beauteous extract from the cryptic screed:—

> We fully concur with your business-like and sound views, which naturally comes in our line to carry out as we find finances and turn into permanent mortgage to any extent: indeed, we think so well of your ideas, we shall only be too pleased to do all we can for you in every way possible: we feel sure it ought to be a permanent success, and we see every reason so well depicted in your letter to say that with an immediate desire to do business with you our senior partner, who has had over 55 years' experience, will, *on receipt* of our usual Inspection Fee of 20 guineas, go down and inspect all and everything.

Enough. "Our senior partner" didn't get the 20 guineas, but our correspondent, in his own words, "was mug enough" to send him five. Thus encouraged, he made a "preliminary inspection of the land," but before he could get his costly vision accurately focused, the prospective deal was declared "off," and there was thus no further occasion for his ocular activity. In ordinary circumstances, our correspondent's failure to pursue the scheme would have given him no right to the refund of his money, but "in consequence of information received," as the policemen say, he thought fit to issue a writ in the Wandsworth County Court. Messrs. Bradburn were very irate at first, and boldly announced that the action would be "strenuously defended," but in the end sager counsels prevailed. The heart of "our senior," which is nothing like so strong as his eye, misgave him, and the money, with costs, was paid into Court. *Verb sap.*

"IT *IS* SO."

OBED SMITH TAKES HIS MEDICINE.

A Canadian Government Notice, now issued in the newspapers over the signature of the illustrious Obed Smith, at length agrees with us that it *is* so. The Salvation Army, the Church Army, the shipping touts and other emigration boosters, all and sundry, will please note the Canadian Government admission that the Dominion has all the "efficient artizans and skilled and unskilled labourers" required to carry on all contemplated works during the year 1914." On the other hand, it is alleged that "farm labourers and female domestics may go forward with the full assurance of finding work on arrival" Whether with the full assurance of liking it or keeping it, however, is not stated.

A SPANISH "FLY."

FROM THE DARKEST DUNGEON BENEATH THE MOAT.

A fresh version of the old "Spanish prisoner" trick is now being actively worked in this country. The samples we have recently seen are dated about the end of May, from "Madrid," and emanate from someone calling himself "A. Ivanovitch," proudly claiming to be a "noted Russian banker," who—according to what is described as a cutting from an American newspaper, enclosed—"eloped some months ago" from St. Petersburg with five million roubles—or a modest £750,000—of his trusting customers' money. The cutting purports to record the arrest of the absconder. The scene of this catastrophe in high finance is described in the letter as "New York," but the "press extract" speaks of it as being effected by "two New York detectives" who had previously interviewed the "Home Secretary"—apparently a high American official of whom we have never before heard. The Russian and Spanish ambassadors, too, were indefatigable, the latter being kind enough to grant an interview to a pressman on the subject. The "newspaper extract" is certainly a very clever production, but to anybody with a knowledge of typography it is clear that it is cut neither from an American journal, as Ivanovitch states, not from an English paper, as its wording would lead one to believe, but has been specially printed on the Continent for the purpose of carrying on this swindle.

The bait dangled before the prospective dupe is the usual one—a share in the stolen money, which is said to be hidden, provided he will go to Madrid to pay the expenses of Ivanovitch's trial and obtain his pormanteau "containing a secret pocket," in which the rascal says he has hidden documents indispensable to the recovery of the treasure.

Although the up-to-date version of the swindle shows so radical a departure from its hoary-headed original, there is still the same coy reference to the interesting prisoner's beloved daughter. Should the bait have reached a "mug," he will, of course, wire to "Ramon Sabater, Pelays 61, Legundo Izquierda, Madrid," for further "details" as requested— the first of which, of course, will be the sending of a considerable sum of money. Were the Spanish police really in earnest, they would long ere this have stamped out the last embers of the numerous gang which has been for many years living on simpletons by means of this appeal to their greed and dishonesty. Certainly a dozen or so of the rascals have really gone to gaol, but there is good reason to suspect that wholesale bribery has been resorted to, under the influence of which many officials wink their eye at the systematic robbery—which, after all, is practised at the expense of the foreigner.

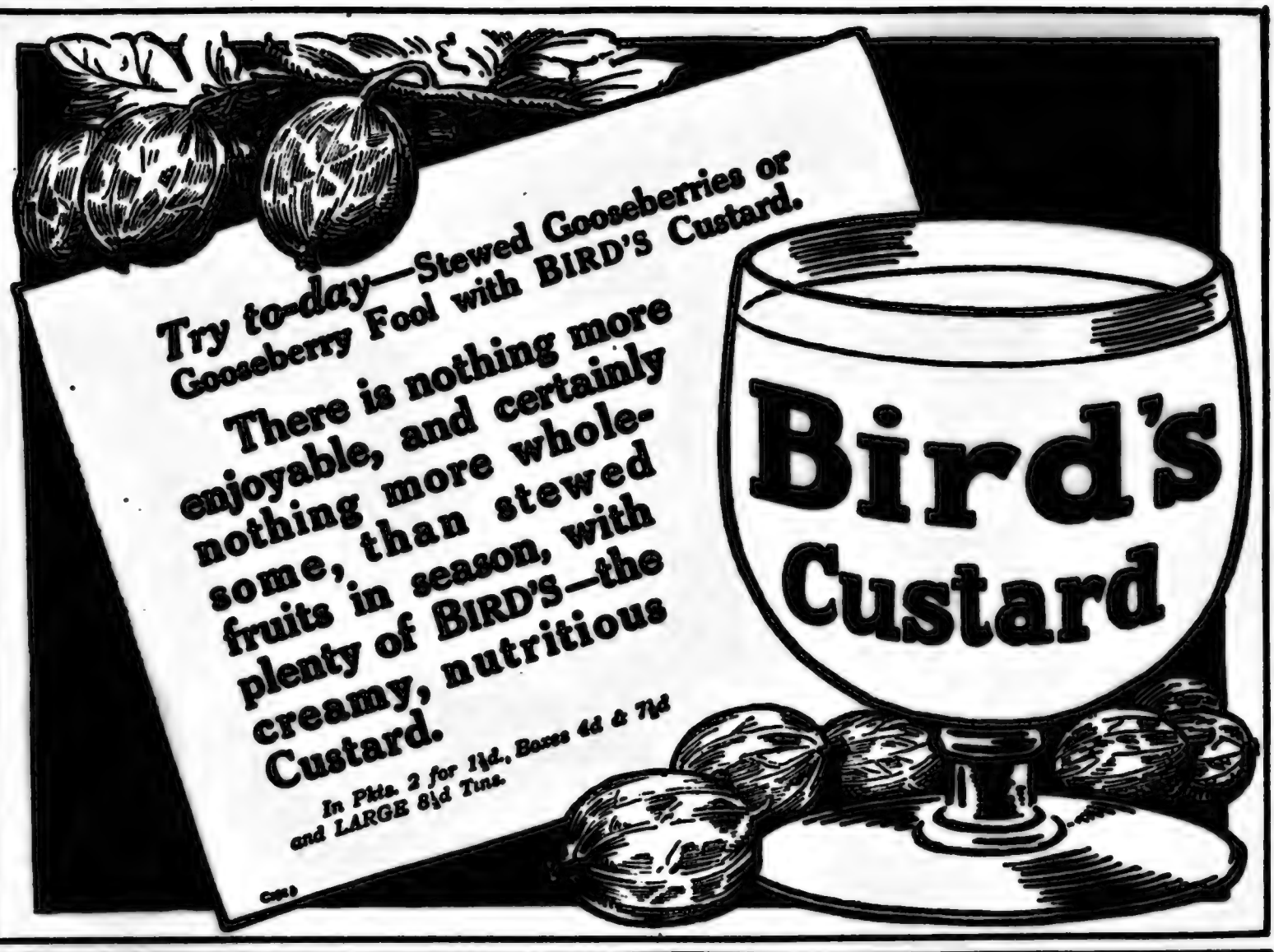
MISSING-HEIR MERCHANTS MISSING.

"WARDEN BROTHERS" SHEER OFF FROM SHEERNESS.

In our issue of May 30th, we warned our readers against "F. & H. Warden Bros., Private Enquiry Agents," giving an address at Sheerness, who were working the threadbare trick of circularising persons possessing common surnames, offering, for a consideration, to supply them with information regarding sums of money which were said to be awaiting owners. They further boldly proffered financial help to establish such claims. The tenant at the address given has now written us that she let apartments to a man, woman and child, the former asserting that he was transacting business in the town which would occupy him for two or three weeks. They had no luggage, stating that it would arrive shortly. However, three days of their company proved more than sufficient, and they were told to go. During the short period of their stay several letters came addressed to F. & H. Warden Bros., and doubtless the half-crown postal orders they contained were eagerly pocketed.

Of course, the conduct of her lodgers in no way reflects upon the landlady, who, indeed, seems speedily to have summed them up and got rid of them. The interesting little family are likely to restart operations somewhere else, and we therefore advise letters of apartments to keep their eyes open.

Look out for "John Bull in Crankyland"—our Summer Annual. Coming shortly


Try to-day—Stewed Gooseberries or Gooseberry Fool with BIRD'S Custard.
There is nothing more enjoyable, and certainly nothing more wholesome, than stewed fruits in season, with plenty of BIRD'S—the creamy, nutritious Custard.
In Pkts. 2 for 1½d., Boxes 4d & 7½d and LARGE 8½d Tins.
Bird's Custard

4/6 Red Label 5/6 Blue Label 6/6 Black Label

Smart harmonious dress is always assured with Tootal Shirts. They are of handsome, reliable fabric and cannot lose color.

READY TO WEAR in a full range of stylish patterns, every shirt guaranteed not to lose color.

AT YOUR OUTFITTER'S. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Tootal Shirts, write us and we will see that a selection of patterns is submitted to you.

If any Tootal Shirt loses color we return your money in full.

Here is a facsimile of our guarantee which appears below the collar-band of every Tootal Shirt.

"TOOTAL" WILL PAY YOU FOR THIS SHIRT IF IT LOSES COLOR

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD., Dept. 98, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.
Manufacturers of Tootal Shirtings; also Pyramid Handkerchiefs.

Daddy uses it too!

so does Mother—in fact—we *all* clean our teeth with Gibbs's—it's lovely!

GIBBS'S DENTIFRICE

In dainty Aluminium Cases 6d. and 1s.
Handy for Travelling.

THIS DAINTY WEEK-END TOILET CASE

Containing Dentifrice, Complexion Cream (for ladies), Toilet Soap, Talcum Powder, or Shaving Soap (for men).

VALUE 1/- GIVEN FREE TO USERS.

in return for 12 Gibbs's stamps to be found in every packet of Gibbs's Dentifrice, 6d. and 1s.; Cold Cream Soap, 4½d.; Talcum Powder, 1s.; Pot Pourri Soap, 6d.; Complexion Cream, 1s.; Shaving Soap, 1s.

Having collected 12 Gibbs's Stamps, present them to your Chemist, who will give you the toilet case FREE.

Send this Coupon with 1d. stamp to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., 221, High Street, Wapping, E., for generous FREE trial sample and particulars of Gibbs's Dentifrice and Cold Cream Soap.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Simplicity and strength
Her points are said to be;
If Lipton lifts the Cup at length
Shan't we enjoy his tea!

We see no grounds to fear
Alliances like these,
Which make the situation clear
And really work for peace.

The incident between
Lord Peel and the Lord Mayor
At Paris, it has since been seen
Was not a grave affair.

Great cricketers declare
That golf's a rotten game—
Some golfers that opinion share
When they have missed their aim.

Imprisonment is vain—
The Furies still persist;
But raids they could not long sustain
On their subscription list.

When Tetrazzini's notes
Upon the air are thrown,
The deceived list'ner sometimes gloats
Upon a gramophone!

"BE PREPARED!"

A QUICK PROFIT AND NO RETURNS.

It behoves poor people who have saved up a few pounds in order to purchase a little business to be very cautious. A week or two ago the following advertisement appeared:—

> **£4** Down, £14 after.—New Laid Eggs and Butter Round; about 200 high-class customers; easily worked; sound living for workers; owner will teach beginner and give trial. Call prepared, 63, Mossbury-rd., Clapham Junction.

One of our readers, who was out of employment, but could manage to scrape together the stipulated amount, called on the individual who had adopted the motto of the Boy Scouts. He saw a Mr. Erwood, who assured him that the business was cheap at the price, and would yield a clear profit of 35s. a week. A deposit of £1 was thereupon paid, and it was arranged that the proposed purchaser should see the owner of the round the following day on the actual ground, hand over the balance, and enter upon his new business. The owner of the "desirable round" proved to be Henry W. Lawrence, of 45, Sulina Road, Brixton Hill, describing himself as a "Quick Business Transfer Expert," who received a further £4. Purchaser and vendor worked on the "round" for one day—a period long enough to show plainly that Lawrence had no regular customers at all. The embryo butterman therefore demanded the re-transfer of the money to his own pocket. This he has failed to get from either Erwood or Lawrence—a letter sent to the former being returned marked "Gone away. Address not known."

THE TRICKSTERS' TOOL.

A DULL INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF SHARPERS.

Last week we called the attention of the Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush Ratepayers' Association (of which, by the bye, Dr. Burnhill is no longer President) to the fact that Mr. S. Kilbey, its paid Assistant Secretary and Collector, was a member of the swindling Holborn Vulcanite Company's "Prize Distribution Board." Hot-footed, the members of the Executive Council of the Association have held a meeting, at which they have passed a resolution placing on record their "entire confidence in the integrity of Mr. Stephen Kilbey." We have ourselves had an interview with him, and though we are pleased to say that we agree with the sentiment expressed in the resolution, we must add that we think the Council should have severely censured him for allowing himself to be used as a tool for the smoothing down of the thousands of dupes of the Company. It appears that, so far from Mr. Kilbey being really an independent member of the "Board," as he is held out, he was simply employed by the concern for a day at a remuneration of 22s. 6d. In his own words: "What the Company do, or who it consists of, or its methods, I am profoundly ignorant." It is difficult to understand how, despite his obvious obtuseness, Mr. Kilbey did not comprehend the essential trickery of the whole business, and we think it a great pity that he did not refuse to assist in any way, however innocent, in the carrying through of the swindle.

Ready July 1. "More Tabloid Tales," by Louise Heilgers. Price 1/- net.

GET READY NOW for a Better Job in the Winter

During the summer—NOW—thousands of ambitious men are studying for better positions in the winter. Are YOU?

Because classes are closed during the summer months it is commonly thought that the proper time to study is between October and May, and that the pursuit of knowledge is out of place when the days are long and warm. The reason for this prejudice is that all the old systems of study necessitate the student's presence in a more or less stuffy class-room.

But thousands of ambitious men are studying NOW; taking advantage of these long, light evenings to train for better positions. They are students of the International Correspondence Schools. They live in every part of the country. The I.C.S. student has his school in his home. The I.C.S. never close. There is no summer vacation to interfere with your studies, EXCEPT just when, and as long or as short as you wish. By the I.C.S. Method you can study when and where you please. You are a class by yourself. You have only YOUR convenience to study, not other people's. You can make steady and rapid progress in a Course of I.C.S "salary-raising" Training without in any way denying yourself the full delight and benefit to be derived from fresh air, sunshine, and quiet rural places. You can work in your own garden. Indeed, NOW is the best time of the year for study under the I.C.S. system.

Fill up and post the Enquiry Form NOW

By studying now you will certainly add greatly to your enjoyment of the next three or four months and will make a big advance toward the attainment of your ambition.

Can you anticipate the winter with any degree of certainty of obtaining a better position than your present one? Don't waste these long, light evenings just because it is not usual to study in the summer. The I.C.S. are making it usual. Summer is the best time for study. On receipt of your enquiry, we will send you full particulars of the I.C.S. Method of Spare Time Training, what it is, how it is conducted, and what it has achieved. Also a copy of the I.C.S. Booklet, which contains valuable practical advice on the chances and prospects for trained men in your own line of work, together with a full syllabus and specimen pages and illustrations from I.C.S. Instruction Papers of the I.C.S. Course best suited to your requirements, and a full account of what I.C.S. Correspondence Training really is, means, and has accomplished. Together with this booklet the testimony of prominent public men and employers and of I.C.S. students to the practical nature of I.C.S. Salary Raising Training.

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,

31m, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.
(To avoid delay please use our FULL address.)

Please send I.C.S. Booklet explaining how I can gain a thorough, practical, and up-to-date knowledge of the subject before which I have marked X, and so qualify for a Secure Position and Better Pay.

COMMERCIAL TRAINING

—Business Training	—Advertising
—Book-keeping	—Show Card Writing
—Salesmanship	—Window Dressing

TECHNICAL TRAINING

—Boiler Engineering	—Shop Practice
—Marine Engineering	—Foundry Work
—Gas-Power Engineering	—Electrical Engineering
—Motor Engineering	—Electric Traction
—Cotton Manufacturing	—Electric Lighting
—Woollen Manufacturing	—Architecture
—Steam Engineering	—Contracting & Building
—Steam Electric	—Structural Engineering
—Mechanical Engineering	—Concrete Engineering
—Draughtsmanship	—Civil Engineering
—Heating and Ventilating	—Quantity Surveying
—Sheet Metal Work	—Mining

VARIOUS

—Illustrating	—French, German, Spanish, Italian
—Designing	
—Applied Art	—Agriculture, Poultry Farming

Many other Courses to choose from.

Name .....

Address .....

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

BRIGHTON AGENT'S LATEST EXPLOIT.

Less than a year ago we had occasion to administer severe reproof to Mr. J. Leonard Neale, the notorious Brighton house-agent, whose brutal treatment of poor tenants had excited keen resentment in the town. The case to which we now direct attention, though calling for sharp comment, is in no way to be compared with the outrageous episodes which moved our earlier protest.

A reader occupied a cottage at 13, Islingword Road, Brighton, which was among the properties controlled by Mr. Neale. He paid an "inclusive" rental, out of which it was the duty of the landlord to discharge the municipal rates. For nearly five years he had paid his rent regularly and proved himself in every way an exemplary tenant. In January, however, he received this notice from Neale:—

> I think I ought to give you early intimation that this house has been sold for occupation on February 2nd next. Consequently I must ask you please to vacate by that day.

Quite naturally, the tenant interpreted the letter as an instruction to quit the premises at his earliest convenience, and he at once looked round for another house. He left Islingword Road on January 17th, paying his rent to the end of the week. But Neale was "out" for the last fibre of his "pound of flesh." Despite his own "early intimation," he was unwilling to dispense with the usual week's notice from the out-going tenant. His notion seems to have been that our correspondent, regardless of his own convenience, should give up possession precisely on February 2nd, when the new occupant should forthwith enter upon the premises. In this way, the owner would have secured his last penn'oth of rent and Neale his last farthing's-worth of commission.

With all his faults, Mr. Neale is no fool, and he had no thought of enforcing his preposterous demand by legal proceedings. A readier and safer means of pressure was at hand. He wrote:—

> I was much surprised that you did not pay my clerk the week's rent due on Monday last, because in any event you will, as I told you before, have to pay it. If you do not let me have this rent, I shall be unable to pay your rate, so in due course you will be summoned for this, and in order to get me to pay it, you will have to pay the rent, and in addition to that you will of course have to pay the cost of the summons. The Rate Collector will obviously have no difficulty in tracing your whereabouts.

In due course the tenant was summoned in respect of the balance of his rates—a matter of eleven shillings—which Neale had refused to pay. The Magistrates held that he must pay the amount with costs, afterwards settling his account with the agent as best he might. In this way Neale has gained by strategy what he would probably never have won by more creditable means.

IN ITS BLINDNESS.

RELIGIOUS JOURNAL AND MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.

The *Christian Herald* is notorious for the blindness of its pious eye in regard to the various tricksters whose announcements decorate its columns, but the latest instance takes some beating. Before us we have a copy of a recent issue containing the swindling advertisement of the British Clothing Club, of 74, Oldham Street, Manchester—the concern in regard to which it is well known that the local Chief Constable is collecting evidence for the purpose of a prosecution. The delusive announcement is headed "£500 if not true," and states that "2s. deposit secures immediate delivery" of one of the "wonderful bargain bales" of blankets, etc. Other sentences are "No objectionable enquiries, or guarantee forms to be filled up of any kind. No 'approved customer' system, simply send 2s. with order and promise to remit the balance, 18s. only, at 2s. a month if you approve of the articles on receipt of same, and if thoroughly satisfied with them." And at the very time they were inserting this challenge they actually held the sovereigns of poor confiding people who had months before paid in full for the bales, but had never received them!

Cannot the Manchester police hurry up? And will the *Christian Herald* pay over the price of this advertisement to the poor people who have been swindled?

"JOHN BULL'S" BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

(Amongst the many congratulations we have received on our Eighth "Birthday" are the following flattering tributes. We can only hope we deserve them.)

Eight years have fled since first you came
Upon the journalistic scene;
And, in those years, to halt and maim
A kindly friend, JOHN BULL, you've been.

Eight years ago your Number One
Its entry made on news-land's stage;
And from that time till now both fun
And pathos fill your ev'ry page.

For eight whole years you've played a part
Of Christian tenderness: To you
Belongs the gen'rous, feeling heart
Possessed, alas! by very few.

You do not much *profession* make
Of following the Church's Head;
But you are trav'lling in His wake
In caring for the hungeréd.

You're down on shams of ev'ry kind;
You seek the fallen ones to raise;
You merit, and you'll surely find,
True happiness and length of days.

Bright summer days had come at last,
As slowly up the Strand there passed,
A score of sandwichmen who bore,
Buff "letters," four feet long or more—
J. O. H. N. B. U. L. L.

The leader smiled and winked his eye,
The "letters" fetched the crowd, that's why.
Though "Robert" cries, "Now then, move on!"
'Twas useless to waste "force" upon—
JOHN BULL.

In fact, the Strand was overrun,
The sight attracted everyone;
The name, well-known to old and young,
Was uttered there by every tongue—
JOHN BULL.

"Try not to pass with baby, nurse,
The crush is great and getting worse;
I'll help you to the other side":
The baby in the pram replied—
"JOHN BULL."

"I say," a voice cried 'bove the rest,
"Which weekly in the world is best?"
"The 'Buff 'Un' to be sure," rang out,
"It is the best without a doubt—
JOHN BULL."

"We must beware," the policemen said,
"For Piccadilly lies ahead—
"This thing must not occur again,
"We'll summon some o' these, and then—
JOHN BULL."

At break of day, the "letters" clean,
Still borne by sandwichmen were seen;
Still advertising in the Strand,
The journal known throughout the land—
JOHN BULL.

And policemen by their duty bound,
Quite tired out with clearing ground,
Had learned a lesson, too, in "grit,"
'Till even they admired "It,"
JOHN BULL.

There, then, we'll leave them as we may;
The crowds will never fade away
Who love the paper that we read,
Which holds the premier place indeed—
JOHN BULL.

"Bullets"—the Holiday Provider. Holiday Money awarded weekly.

Glesco Sports Wear for the Outdoor Man

is planned to combine style and freedom at prices within the reach of the man of moderate means. Glesco Sports Wear is "quality wear" despite the low price—only the great trading resources of such a house as the Glasgow Clothing Co. make such value possible

In clothing for your "slack" hours — for walking, boating, golf, tennis or cricket you will find your need is fully met in Glesco wear. Only those materials which have been thoroughly proven for hard strenuous wear are utilized in Glesco garments and the wide range of scientifically graded fittings allows us to fit you from stock as accurately as though we made your coat or trousers to measure.

All lines shown in this announcement will be **SENT ON APPROVAL FOR SIX DAYS** on receipt of remittance—your money will be returned in full if you are not entirely satisfied. Send for the folder "Glesco Wear for the Outdoor Man."

GLESCO Flannel Trousers made from pre-shrunk flannel in white and grey. Permanent turn-up, belt loops and side strap and buckles. In ordering give length of leg from fork and waist measurement 7/6 & 10/6

GLESCO Flannel Shirts in white only. In ordering give size of neck 3/6 each

GLESCO SPORTS JACKETS. In Scotch Tweed and Homespun effects. Hard wearing material well shaped into perfect fitting coats. Patch pockets and Half Belt at back. In ordering state chest measurement and height. 13/6 & 17/6.

Glasgow Clothing Co

ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

FARROW'S BANK LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £1,000,000
SHARES ISSUED - - £00,000

Chairman and Managing Director,
MR. THOMAS FARROW.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.—Accounts are opened and interest allowed where approved credit balances are maintained.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Interest from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent., according to notice of withdrawal.

STOCKS and SHARES.—The Bank transacts the purchase and sales of Stocks, Shares and Securities for its customers.

Call or write for Illustrated Booklet.

AT
Head Office:
1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
OR BRANCHES.

A. F. & CO.

MAKING MONEY WHILE YOU SLEEP.

INSURANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

At Lloyd's, apparently, one can insure against anything from bad weather to sudden death (says a writer in the *Daily News* recently).

Underwriters have been found willing to insure against war, the dissolution of a Government, the death of the Prime Minister, or even the Budget. If you are a householder you may, at a price, have a policy covering damage by Suffragettes, aerial craft, riots, strikes, civil disturbances, thunderbolts, and subterranean fire.

Nervous old gentlemen have asked to be insured against attack by hooligans—bachelors to be insured against marriage; while a prominent cricketer asked to be insured against making a "duck."

Insurance against twins is of every-day occurrence, but probably the most interesting form of policy to the "man in the street" is the Wet Weather indemnity issued by the Yorkshire Mutual Assurance Association. When insured against rain, even the dullest of holidays becomes interesting, and the trifling cost (half-a-crown insures £2 if more than 2 days in the week are wet—£1 insures £16, and so on), compared with the benefits received renders such a policy invaluable to the Holiday-maker. A wet day means a quarter of an inch of rain—about half an hour's downpour—and any town in the United Kingdom may be covered by a policy.

A point made by the Company is that the whole of the rain may fall in the night or early morning, and as all rain counts, one may enjoy about ten hours of sunshine each day, and still receive his reward for having his holiday spoilt by heavy rains between, say, midnight and six a.m., when of course it does not matter to him whether it rains or snows.

Insurance against rain promises to be still more popular this summer, and wet weather policies are being eagerly taken out by traders, sports' committees, promoters of bazaars and fêtes, and countless other persons to whom excessive rain means disappointment, or risk of financial loss.

Certainly no one "going away" should be without a complete prospectus of these policies, which will be willingly sent post free if this paper is mentioned.

The address to apply to is: The Publicity Dept., Yorkshire Mutual Assurance Association, 54, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

[On this page every week we publish particulars of human derelicts whose cases, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

CCCXXXIII.—A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

Living in a crowded quarter of London is a young widow with seven children, the eldest of whom is not yet 13. Three of the youngsters are cripples. Her husband died seven months ago from consumption. He was a journeyman printer, and for the last year of his life he had been unable to work. During the whole of this time his wife had to nurse him, look after her children, and act the part of breadwinner. Since the poor man's death, she has been keeping the little family together by going out charing, but the work is getting too hard for her. Neighbours and relatives in a slightly better position have assisted generously—the poor are by far the most charitable class—but they can do so no longer; and now the end is at hand. Someone must come to her aid, if she is to be saved from the workhouse. Mother-like, she clings to her children and pathetically appeals to us. We cannot deny this poor creature. We have given her some temporary assistance from one of our own charitable funds, and ask our readers to help as well. She has been learning boot-clicking (a kindly neighbour instructing her), and we hope to raise sufficient to purchase the necessary machine for her—when she confidently anticipates earning about 15s. a week, which will be to her a modest competence!

CCCXXXIV.—PLUCKY MINER PENALISED.

The following incident has been brought to our knowledge by someone acting without the knowledge of the man principally concerned. On April 15th a poor woman in Silverdale, Staffordshire, rushed frantically out of her house with her clothes alight. A miner immediately ran to her assistance and tore off the blazing garments, but in doing so himself sustained severe burns on his hands and arms, which prevented him following his employment for some time. The gravely injured woman was carried to hospital, where she died. At the inquest the man was complimented by the coroner and jury on his plucky act. The local resident who brings the case to our notice does not, of course, hold that everybody who performs an act of this description should be rewarded pecuniarily—believing that it is the duty of every man to render aid in such a catastrophe. But he does urge—and here again we are in agreement—that anybody who performs so gallant a deed should not be penalised for it. In this instance, the poor miner has already lost many days' work owing to the shock and burns—and he is likely to lose a good many more. An additional reason why the case is worthy of recognition is that the man is in very poor circumstances. He is married, with one child, is 58 years of age, and has recently had serious domestic troubles, details of which need not be given here. Who will help to prove to him that a good deed is not always its own—and only—reward?

CCCXXXV.—TROUBLES OF A TIMBER PORTER.

For twelve years the subject of this paragraph laboured as a timber porter. Before us we have his employer's reference, which states that during the whole of the time he was a sober and industrious workman. He is married, with four children, the eldest of whom is ten. Eighteen months ago his troubles commenced. He was stricken down with pneumonia, and obliged to go into hospital. Naturally the home suffered through curtailment of the weekly income. Eager to get back to work, he made the venture before he was thoroughly fit, the consequence being that tuberculosis of the lungs set in. A second time he had to go into hospital, and from there to a sanatorium. Patched up, he returned to work, but the once strong man found himself totally unfit for the job—his strength had almost entirely gone. Half-pay from his employer and State benefit, plus the pawning of clothing and selling of furniture, kept the bodies and souls of his wife and family together—but his position is now a grave one. He is ordered into a sanatorium again, but, feeling no doubt that his days are numbered, his thoughts naturally centre on his wife and little ones. Rent to the amount of a couple of pounds is in arrear; his insurance policy (for which he has paid two years' premiums) will soon lapse if the instalments are not kept up; his children (boys of ten, four and two, and a girl aged seven) all require clothes. What is to be done? Sanatorium treatment of a patient whose mind is burdened with these grave anxieties is not of much use. His hard-working wife is doing all she can in the matter—for, in spite of having a young family, she goes out to work. Is the poor fellow to leave his family in this deplorable state? Here is a chance to do a good deed. We shall be delighted to remit any subscriptions which may be received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have received the following, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CCXC.—F.R.H.S., 21s.
CCCXCII.—L. W., 1s.
CCCVI.—"Coaster," 5s.; "Mother of One," 2s.
CCCXX.—"Floern," 10s.
CCCXXI.—"Floern," 10s.
CCCXXII.—G. F. C., 5s.; W. O., 1s.; "Anonymous," 1s.
CCCXXVII.—"Us," 1s.
CCCXXVIII.—N. T., R. H. A., and "Mother of Seven," parcels; "Us," 1s.; C. H., 2s.
CCCXXIX.—"Us," 1s.; "Tenner," 5s.; G. H. D., 6d.; "Tommy," 5s.; "Bang went Saxpence," 6d.
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CCCXXXI.—"Backer of Sands of Time," 1s.; W. O., 1s.; "Bullette," 6d.
CCCXXXII.—B. S., Jnr., 1s.

We have this week divided £10 from the John Bull Football Cup Sweepstake Charity Fund between CCCXXXI and the family of the poor man to whom we referred in our issue of May 30th, under the heading of "Found Drowned"; also £10 from the John Bull Grand National Sweepstake Charity Fund between CCCXXXII and the man referred to in our issue of May 30th, under the heading "Ask Yourself."

Dr. A. E. Tugham, the winner of the £500 in our 85th "Bullets" Competition, has sent us £10, which we have divided between "Human Documents" CCCXXVI, CCCXXVII, CCCXXXI, and CCCXXXII; while Mr. Winnall, one of the principal prize winners in the JOHN BULL Football Cup Sweepstake, has forwarded £5, which we have allocated to CCCXIX and CCCXXV.

We have to acknowledge the following on behalf of the poor woman referred to in our issue of April 18th, under the heading of "Not Strained":—J. B. S., 2s.; R. S. G., 2s. 6d.; L. S. (Pretoria), 2s. 3½d.; E. M. H., 1s.; Mrs. M., 1s.; L. E. R., 5d.; A. McC., 3s.; Mrs. C. T. (Matlock), 2s. 3½d.; Miss M. P., 5s.; Chief Steward, s.s. *Teucer* (proceeds of his haircutting fund), 27s.; "Durbar II," 2s. 6d.; S. K., 2s.; "Dough Puncher," 1s.; "Malaquais," £1; A. W. M., 1s.; F. H. (Woolwich), 10s.; C. A. L., 5s.; Mrs. E. R., 21s.

Five months ago we appealed on behalf of a young Army Reservist who was suffering from consumption. Upon hearing of the case a West End doctor generously took it in hand, his treatment being seconded by the pecuniary help of our readers. The result is that now the patient is thoroughly well, and certified fit for hard work. Can any of our readers supply him with a job? He is a married man, with one child. He is a good groom, and would be grateful for any employment—especially outdoor.

Ready July 1. "More Tabloid Tales," by Louise Heilgers. Price 1/- net.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Lord Mersey, "Empress of Ireland" Wreck Commissioner.

My Lord,—Once more the Government have assigned you the task of acting as Special Wreck Commissioner—to wring truth from a welter of confusion, and to tear the veil from sinister pretence. So at least I interpret your duties, and so, as an honest man, must you. Yours to seek the truth and the whole truth, and ours to await the issue with what patience we can command. The confidence of a tortured nation is in your keeping. In God's name, let there be no "whitewashing" *this* time. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London (Alderman T. V. Bowater).

My Dear Lord Mayor,—I am told that the French have been widely entertained by the curious little farce arranged for them by Lord Peel, the Chairman of the London County Council. So far as I am aware, it is the first time of production on any stage, and I do think the citizens of London have something to complain of that he produced his *lever de rideau* at the Hotel de Ville in Paris, instead of at the Guildhall in London.

I suppose you were very much amused when his Lordship first arose to take the words out of your mouth in response to the communal welcome, and not less so when, having written your name in precedence in the Golden Book, Lord Peel stepped up behind and inscribed his noble signature over yours. Long before the Chairman of the London County Council was dreamed of the Lord Mayor of London was diligent in his business, and stood before kings—even Whittington, to say nothing of his cat, heard Bow Bells centuries before the L.C.C. was born. Then, too, the Lord Mayor has an annual show more glorious than a circus; the Chairman of the London County Council has but a motor car, and not yet a complete official coat of arms to adorn its panels. The fame of the Lord Mayor's coach, the Lord Mayor's soup, and the Lord Mayor's beef, is as wide as the world—they have been patronised by all the crowned heads; the Chairman of the County Council has not even a cocked hat to command our reverence. Your precedence is unchallengable. It is Eclipse first, and the Chairman of the London County Council nowhere; nowhere, I mean, except in the rate book. There, in my solemn opinion, he leads the procession. John Bull.

To Sir Herbert Tree, His Majesty's Theatre, London.

Dear Sir Herbert,—Accept my congratulations upon the complete success of your first "popular" performance. "Pygmalion"—swear word and all—for threepence must surely satisfy the most exacting democrat, and the fact that the gallery was packed at this price goes far to dispel the notion that the poorer classes have no taste for high drama. I trust that the "People's Theatre" scheme may maintain its inaugural success, and that you and your colleagues in the movement will receive all the support which you are entitled to expect. You may be trusted to steer clear of profitless controversy, but should the Sabbatarian issue be thrust upon you it is good to know that you will be found on the national side. And to you shall be the credit that belongs to all who are trying in one way or another to brighten and beautify this drab old world of ours. John Bull.

To Major Frank Morris, care of General Booth.

Sir,—I have no love for your organisation nor much respect for your noisy creed, but I know a man when I see him, and I take off my hat to you. You would not wish me to recall the details of your heroism in that black hour when the *Empress of Ireland* went to her doom. Suffice it that your effort to save your comrade Rees was one of the finest feats of gallantry in the grim annals of the sea. When next I am vexed by some unlovely feature in the conduct of your co-religionists, I shall recall your sterling bravery and try to think the best. From the creeds which divide us one dogma emerges, unchallenged and immutable. The finest product of God's creation is a brave, true-hearted man. In this spirit I greet you. John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor, County Bench, Chichester.

Mr. Mayor,—As the Chairman of the Bench on the occasion when the convict George Smith was before you, charged with wandering abroad without visible means, I hope you are easy in your conscience. As far as I can see, neither you nor the police have given the man a chance, nor half a chance; from first to last it seems to have been a case of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him. Smith had been released from Parkhurst only a few months, and you did not know his worse side more thoroughly than he admitted it. "Give me a chance to get something," he pleaded when you sent him to seven days' hard labour. "Don't send me back again to prison; it is only leading me into crime. I have done years and years of it. I have gone straight for six-and-a-half months, and I want to give up thieving"; and then on your refusal to alter your mind the man, in his despair, attempted to stab himself with a knife, which was wrenched from him by the police, who "handcuffed him, and conducted him to a seat, where he wept bitterly, wrenched at the handcuffs, and declared it was cruel to send him back to prison."

With all his past against him, Mr. Mayor, I cannot think that in accusing you of cruelty he simulated the reality of his fear and suffering. He felt the cruelty because he was conscious, for once, of an injustice. The offence for which you had to judge him was not even that of loitering with intent to commit a felony; the police appear to have watched him and caught him when he had not a penny in his pocket, and you had to judge him "for wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence and being unable to give a good account of himself"—that is to say, of why he was destitute. I confess that to me, sir, this looks like a trumped-up police offence to get the man in gaol again, on the theory of "once a convict always a convict." In all the circumstances it *was* a cruel sentence, and though, as I say, it may lie lightly on your conscience, I should not like to have it on mine.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Doctor Grierson, Dean of Belfast.

Dear Mr. Dean,—Having regard to the bitter animosity prevalent between Home Rulers and Anti-Home Rulers in Ireland, I am disgusted at the blasphemous cant which characterised your recent sermon in Belfast Cathedral—for to declaim that God has answered prayer by guiding the good ship *Fanny* safely to port in its gun-running, and that the "wise brains and skilful hands that thought-out and executed these plans would be the first to declare, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; unto Thy name give the glory,'" is blasphemy and cant of a type not less silly than it is offensive. As a matter of fact, the only invocation uttered by Messrs. Carson and Craig was "O Birrell, Birrell, how good is it thou wast asleep!"

In this bitter, tragic sectarian struggle between Ulster and the rest of Ireland over the question of Home Rule, it is evident that, saving the compromise which the wisdom of statesmanship may arrange, God will, as usual, be on the side of the biggest battalions; so pray talk no more rot. John Bull.

To Sir Luke White, M.P., Driffield.

Dear Sir Luke,—In the course of an address to your constituents you are reported to have said that you would "like to see two or three sessions of Parliament spent entirely in discussing reforms of a non-controversial character." It was a pious wish; for, as a Party man, you know very well that, so long as the present system continues, such a thing cannot possibly come to pass. But, wittingly or unwittingly, you gave expression to one of the ideals of the advocates of a Business Government, and, having gone so far, why not have the courage of your convictions and go yet a little further? Party men all over the country, whose eyes at last have been opened to the evils and absurdities of the political system they have long blindly supported, are beginning to rebel and take an independent stand. Why not be in the front rank with those who are fighting for a parliamentary system based on Business principles and common sense? You would never regret it. John Bull.

Look out for "John Bull in Crankyland"—our Summer Annual. Coming shortly.

THE TWO JOHNS.

JOHN BULL to JOHN BURNS: "There has been too much criminal neglect of these things, John; it's up to you to put an end to it!"

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Healy: Good marnin'.
Redmond: Good marnin'.
Healy: Will ye be takin' a walk?,
Redmond: Thot will Oi.
Healy: Moind the shtep!
Redmond: Phwat shtep?
Healy: The wan ye're takin'.
Redmond: Devil a shtep am Oi takin' at arl at arl. Ut's markin' toime Oi am.
Healy: Ut's doin' toime ye desarve tu be.
Redmond: For phwat?
Healy: Ye're takin' shteps tu cut off the head ov Oireland.
Redmond: Thot's an oidle tale.
Healy: Ye're a bit av a wag, Oi'm thinkun'. Are yez not takin' shteps tu separate Ulsther from the rest av Oireland? Oi'm askin' yez.
Redmond: Divil a bit am Oi. Oi'm takin' shteps to separate the rest av Oireland from the anti-Oirish Orange province.
Healy: Ye're takin' shteps to lave the bones av St. Pathrick in the hands av the inimy.
Redmond: Home Rule's more impartant tu Oireland thin the bones av St. Pathrick, ava.
Healy: Phwat's the good av Home Rule widout Ulsther?
Redmond: Divil a bit; but Oi shall have an Oirish parrlymint tu rule over.
Healy: Is ut Proime Ministher you'll be?
Redmond: An' who else?
Healy: Thin, God save Oireland! Yev' sould yer counthry tu the Liberal Parrty fure the sake av office. Ut's a thraitor ye arre!
Redmond: Thot tu me face?
Healy: Where else?
Redmond: Ut's a loiar ye arre!
Healy: Ut's a loiar ye arre tu say so!
Redmond: Take thot! (*biff.*)
Healy: An' have ut back! (*biff, biff.*)
Redmond: Now as gintlemin our hanner is satisfoid, Oi take ut?
Healy: Fure the toime being', Will yez have a drink?
Redmond: Thot will Oi.
Healy: Phwat'll ye have?
Redmond: Phwat have ye got?
Healy: Orangeade.
Redmond: Bad cess tu ut! Ut's too strong fure me.
Healy: Thin ye've no stomach.
Redmond: Oi've arl the stomach Oi want.
Healy: Have yer stomach fure a foight? If ye had ye'd put yerself at the head av the hundred an' tharty thousand Nationalist volunteers an' marrch on Ulsther.
Redmond: They've no guns.
Healy: Noither had the Ulsther volunteers when they shtarted.
Redmond: We've no money.
Healy: Thin go tu the Unoited States an' get some.
Redmond: Pathrick Ford is dead.
Healy: An' so is Queen Anne an' Home Rule fure Oireland.
Redmond: I tell yez Home Rule is very much aloive.
Healy! With maggots. Ut's droppin' tu paces.
Redmond: Ut's not droppin' tu paces becas . . . .
Healy: Ut's toied up.
Redmond: Ut's not toied up, becas . . . .
Healy: Ut won't hold together.
Redmond: Oi tell yez ut *is* holdin' together, becas . . . .
Healy: Ut's stuck.
Redmond: Ut's not stuck at arl at arl, becas . . . .
Healy: Ut won't stick.
Redmond: Oi tell yez ut *will* stick!
Healy: Thot's whoy ut'll get no forrader.
Redmond: Ye're a fule and loiar!
Healy: Prove ut.
Redmond: *Biff!*
Healy: *Biff-biff!!*

(Curtain.)

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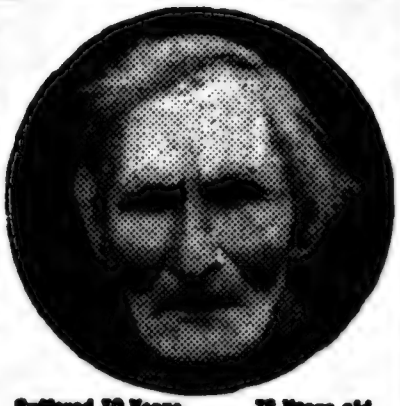

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THE JUDGE: "There, there, never mind. It's not half as bad as we expected."

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

1ST LADY: It makes me fair sick ter read erbout that Dunmow Flitch bizniss. 'Ow the couples 'ave the fice ter stand up an' lay claim to it fair beats me. I'd go wiv'art fur the rest o' me puff afore I'd make sich an *h*exibishun o' meself.

2ND LADY: I don't serpose you'd stan' much chawnce if yer did. You 'as ter swear you ain't 'ad no words wiv yer ole pot an' pan fur the lawst twelve mumfs, an' thet chew ain't never wished you 'adn't got married since the pawson sed "Amen."

1ST LADY: I dessay I'd stan' as good a chawnce es you would, my dear.

2ND LADY: Not by yore own tellin', you wouldn't. 'Aven't chew told me scores er times thet chew'd rawther see yerself in yer cawfin then git married, if you 'ad jer time over agin?

1ST LADY: P'r'aps I 'av, w'en Bill's 'ad a drop. 'E ain't a saint, I grawncher, but 'e's a man, an' not a psalm-smitin' 'umbug like wot some of the 'usbings I've 'card tell of are.

2ND LADY: I'd rawther 'ave a psalm-smitin' 'usbing, if you're meanin' mine, then a black eye *h*every two or three mumfs, Missis 'Itchins.

1ST LADY: You're welcome to 'im. But I tell yer this, my man may git on the booze nah an' then, but w'en 'e's orf it I wouldn't change 'im fur one 'ung wiv' di'mands.

2ND LADY: 'E'll be 'ung wiv suthink *h*else one o' these days if 'e ain't careful. 'Ow long wos you in the 'orspittle larst time, may I awsk?

1ST LADY: Long enuff ter want ter git 'ome to 'im, m'am. I tell yer, w'en 'e's on the straight 'e's gotter 'eart like a child. There ain't a more open-'anded man breathin'.

2ND LADY: 'E's a bit too ready wiv 'is 'and, open or shut, accordin' to wot I'm told.

1ST LADY: Never mind erbaht thet. 'E ain't close-fisted, enny'ow. Never a week goes pawst but wot 'e tikes me to ther picshurs, an' we 'as our drop tergether comferble *h*every night of yer life.

2ND LADY: W'en you ain't in the 'orspittle.

1ST LADY: I dessay I deserves wot I gits. I ain't got no call ter tork to 'im w'en 'e's like thet. But I s'pose I'm suthink like yerself—got too much lip at times.

2ND LADY: You speak fur yerself, Missis 'Itchins. I 'ope I know w'en ter keep me mouth shut.

1ST LADY: Then I'll thank you ter keep yore mouth shut erbaht my 'usbing. 'E ain't never done yores outer nuthink, as I knows of. But I ain't ser shore it ain't the other way erbaht.

2ND LADY: That's a lie, Missis 'Itchins, an' you knows it. My 'usbing's never 'ad a penny piece o' yores.

1ST LADY: No, nor never will 'ave. I'll watch it. I know 'is sort, an' so does my Bill. 'E'd rob a blin' man o' 'is dorg, if nobody wos lookin'.

2ND LADY: You're no lidy, ma'am, let me tell yer. You fergit yerself. If my pore farther wos to 'ear you torkin' ter me like wot you're a-doin' 'e'd be fit ter turn in 'is grave. An' 'e wos employed by the Council, let me tell yer.

1ST LADY: I know 'e wos—a mud pusher. But I ain't sayin' nuthink against 'im fur thet. Somebody's gotter do it; but chew ain't got no call to be 'aughty erbaht it.

2ND LADY: I don't know es yore fawther wos much better, ma'am. Enny'ow, thet's no fault er yores. This is my station, I'm pleased ter say. I've *h*enjoyed yer conversation, Missis 'Itchins, but if you'll take my advice you'll let other people's 'usbings be.

1ST LADY: You begun it, din'cher?

2ND LADY: Never you mind 'oo begun it.

PORTER: Now then, mum, in or aht?

£300 for the Royal Hunt Cup. Send entries now—Closes June 16th.

SCOTCH WHISKY

Fully matured, mellowed with age and free from all acridity, "Iona" at once appeals to the palate of those who appreciate the best in Scotch Whisky.

Blended with unusual care from the choicest spirits, "Iona" possesses an unequalled flavour and will come as a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with ordinary blends.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you.

G. & J. Maclachlan Ltd., Glasgow.

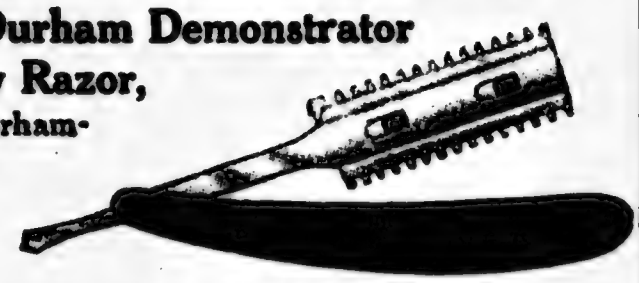
Auchentoshan Distillery, Established 1820.
N.B.

Black Cat Cigarettes

are the best value in 10 for 3d. Virginia Cigarettes in the world. Put them to any test—smoke them slowly and notice the difference—inhale the smoke and observe the mildness. Harley Street doctors who can afford higher-priced cigarettes smoke **Black Cats** on account of the absence of throat irritation.

What Profit-Sharing means. We could not sell Black Cats (Mild) at 2½d., but we make a profit at 3d. Part of this profit we give to our customers in the form of Coupons having a fixed cash value instead of pictures costing probably as much, but of no earthly value. We further purchase articles in large quantities much cheaper than they could be bought in the ordinary way, and give our customers this additional advantage. For instance, we have just made a large contract for the supply of

The Durham Demonstrator Safety Razor, with Durham-Duplex Blade,



which can be obtained with

100 Coupons from Black Cat Mild Cigarettes 10 for 3d.
or 120 „ „ Medium „ 10 „ 2½d.

This is the last word in Safety-Razors. It is the same size and combines all the advantages of the old-fashioned Razor with Hollow-ground Blade and absolute safety in shaving

This is a very special gift of extraordinary value. If the Razor isn't wanted then there are Pipes, Cigarette Cases, Match Boxes and scores of other things to select from. Ask your tobacconist for a list of gifts.

BUT DON'T FORGET! The best Cigarettes regardless of the profit-sharing gifts are

It can be yours by

OUR UNIQUE EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM.

The first instalment, 25% of purchase price, brings you a brand new **BELSIZE TAXI CAB** and all the time you are making the other payments spread over two years, your taxi is earning you big money.

Drive while you pay.
Pay while you drive.

There's a good income waiting for the sharp man who owns an up-to-date **BELSIZE TAXI.** What others are doing you can do. You should write at once for Car List and particulars of our Easy Payment System.

BENTINCK MOTOR SUPPLY CO., LTD.,
13, Spring Gardens, Manchester.

K. I.

20,000 FREE

·YOC·

BLADES

In placing on the market **a really first-class blade at a reasonable price** we believe we shall earn the thanks of all safety-razor **users.**

Sample blade sent free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

These blades are made of the famous Y.S.C Steel, and by the same process and with the same care as the Y.S.C. Razor blades.

For Gillette Type ... ... 2/6 per packet of 10.
For Auto-Strop, Clemak and Ever-Ready 1/9 „ „ „ 6.

YORKSHIRE STEEL CO., LTD., 30R, HOLBORN, E.C.

RUM YARNS.

THE DEPARTURE.

There on the quay, as the boat steamed slowly out of the harbour, stood those whom his heart loved best, waving farewell—who knows, perhaps their last adieu—with handkerchiefs sodden with tears. Oblivious to his surroundings, heedless of the chattering passengers who crowded around him at the vessel's side, he gazed with grief-dimmed eyes at the lessening figures on the quay, until a turn in the harbour channel blotted them from view. When would he see them again?

Furtively wiping a tear from his eye, he transferred his regard to the white and rapidly receding cliffs of England. How calm and majestic they stood in the clear light of the morning sun! How intensely green the verdure that crowned their summit! Until this moment he had not properly realized that he had left his native land, that he was on the sea, speeding south to strange peoples and to unknown shores. A lump rose in his throat. He swallowed painfully, and half walked, half staggered to a hatchway, and sat down.

Until now he had not experienced the pangs of parting. Had he made a mistake? He had not conceived these awful feelings that possessed him. Could he have done so he would have considered longer. He glanced wildly up at the imperturbable captain on the bridge. Was it too late to remedy his mistake? Could he persuade that authoritative figure to turn the ship and place him once more on the quay and in the arms of those he loved? Whilst he nursed this fond desire he felt the impossibility of its fulfilment; and groaned aloud.

Curious fellow passengers glanced at him as they passed, and then significantly at one another. They seemed to be aware that they were in the presence of some great sorrow, some intense anxiety—and showed their respect by increasing their distance. Beads of anguish started out upon his pallid brow. He drew out his handkerchief and pressed it to his—no, not to his eyes, to his lips.

"Steward!" he said, in stifled tones, "bring me a basin—quick!"

OUR 85TH "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

Dr. A. E. TUGHAM, of 16, Bury Street, Edmonton, the winner of the £500 in our 85th "Bullets" Competition, writes:—

The good news of being the winner of the £500 prize was conveyed to me yesterday in a most novel manner. I left London, with my wife on Tuesday the 2nd inst., to motor to Liverpool en route for my holidays in Ireland. I put up Tuesday night at Coventry and arrived Liverpool Wednesday, June 3rd., about 2 p.m., with a telegram awaiting me conveying heartiest congratulations, not mentioning what for.

A similar telegram followed from my father, conveying the same news. I could not understand what it all meant; I thought perhaps it was on account of the first anniversary of my wedding, which is to-day, June 4th. Anyhow, to make my mind easy, I sent a reply paid telegram home to know what it was all about, and you can well imagine my feelings when I received the good news. I have competed, off and on, in your competitions for some time, and I have the same old story to tell, namely: That all my friends laughed at me, and said it was lost money. Anyhow, each week when I read the winners I felt they were superior to mine, so I was not discouraged. This is my second award; my greatest joy of all is that now I am in a position to get my own back, and let my friends see that my confidence in the fairness of the JOHN BULL competitions was correct.

I confirmed the news by purchasing my J. B. this morning, and as to-day is the first anniversary of my wedding, what better news could anyone receive? The cheque will be posted on to me from home, and for same I can't find words to thank you. I enclose cheque £10, for the Human Document Fund.

The prize forms a handsome token of remembrance of Dr. Tugham's wedding—at the same time, the prescription that he should himself "take" 500 sovereigns is a pleasant variation of the ordinary routine of the profession.

MARY BULL.

EVERY FRIDAY. ONE PENNY.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

Reduced Facsimile of Tin.

Makes Bright Homes

Try a 1/- tin on some Article of Furniture. You will be delighted.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL covers more surface, is more durable, and cheaper in use than any other.

SEND FOR COLOUR-CARD TO

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, Ltd., NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS AT SIXTY.

A most effective and successful method of beautifying the complexion has been made public by one of the best Parisian beauty specialists as an advertisement, and it is claimed that by adopting it, a woman of fifty or even sixty years of age can easily have the fresh delicate complexion of a child. The treatment, if one may call it such, is most simple. You just obtain 2 oz. rosewater, 1 dram tincture of benzoin, and 2 oz. flowers of oxzoin from any chemist, and after mixing the lotion thoroughly, apply it night and morning with a soft cloth. The beauty specialist states that years of experience with this lotion have proved beyond doubt that it penetrates the scarf skin, upon which exist all blemishes such as wrinkles, lines, freckles and tan, and imparts vitality to the true or living skin underneath. It is a well known fact that the outer or scarf skin wears off and gives place to the new layer as soon as the latter is sufficiently grown, and in youth the change takes place very frequently. As age increases, however, the scales on the outer skin become thicker and the change takes longer, but by applying this lotion the dead outer layer with all its blemishes is rapidly removed, and the new layer of youthful skin with its delicate bloom and velvety soft appearance takes its place.

NOTE.—*Inquiry among chemists shows that this lotion is so popular during the summer months, that most of them keep a supply of it already put up for sale under the name of Elovoin Lotion.*

POST FREE
6 blades 9d.
12 „ 1/-
ANY TYPE.

Safety Razor
BLADES SHARPENED
by hand.

Each blade tested.
THE THREE SPEE RAZOR CO.,
St. Mark's Street, Birmingham.

HARRY APPLETON, The Man who Always Pays.

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow.
3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.
Absolutely no limit on anything.

THE BEST FOR SCIATICA.

"THE PAIN HAS GONE."

A grateful letter from Miss B. Cook, 71, Seamer Road, Scarborough, is worth repeating. "I was suffering from acute Sciatica, and although the doctor gave me tablets and ointment it was all to no purpose. After taking 6 or 8 tablets of Kephaldol the pain had gone, not to return as yet. Hence my idea that they are the best medicine for Sciatica I have had. It is quite true about their being the best pain-killer."

There seems to be no doubt the enormous demand which chemists are having for Dr. Stohr's Kephaldol is based upon results similar to Miss Cook's. No Sciatic or Rheumatic attack can resist this grand preparation.

I WAS 5ST. 4LBS. TOO FAT.

Without Exercising, Starving, Sweating, or Dangerous Drugs, I Banished all my Excess Fat in a very short time by a Simple Nature Cure.

YOU CAN CURE YOUR OBESITY AS EASILY AS I DID.

To prove what the remedy which Cured Me Can Do for Others I want every Reader who is Too Fat or Gaining Fat to Accept To-day a 1s. 6d. Size Box from Me Without Charge or Obligation.

I was 74 lbs. too heavy—a victim of general obesity. I had a fat-loaded face, a heavy double chin, with an immense amount of fat round my neck and rolls of it down my back. My waist and hips were much affected, my arms bulky, hands podgy, and figure absolutely lost. Every natural hollow was filled up. Bad though these things were in themselves, they were not the worst features of my case, for my heart was fat-clogged, and if I had not got rid of my fat I should probably not have been alive now. Every day saw me in a more serious condition. I fought my obesity not merely because I hated looking fat and ugly, but because my health—my very life itself—demanded it.

Mrs. A. Mason.

My case presented all the signs of that treacherous enemy of the obese subject, fatty infiltration of the heart. Only those who have been menaced with such a disease, and had the experience of getting fatter and fatter in spite of the most determined efforts to lose flesh, can quite realise what I suffered. Neither can anybody without experience quite realise the joy I felt when I eventually discovered a remedy which quickly rid me of my unhealthy adipose tissue and restored to me a well-proportioned figure.

Truly I can say that every pound of fat I lost relieved my mind as much as my body. Very soon the world seemed a different place to live in. Not only did my figure improve as the unwelcome fat vanished, but my complexion, poise, and whole bearing became so improved that I soon looked a different woman altogether. Every joy that my remedy brought me can be yours for a mere fraction of the trouble and expense it cost me. Every pleasure that is denied you to-day because you are fat can be yours within a very short time with only the slightest effort on your part. Why suffer the inconvenience, the annoyance, and, above all, the risks of obesity when a treatment which is a positive, safe, and perfectly harmless cure is within your reach?

Let me send you a free box of my cure now, and prove to you that you need no longer remain fat. Please pin the Coupon to the sheet bearing your name and address, and post me to-day. I will also send you my illustrated Book, telling all about my cure, together with the evidence of those who have already tried it.

COUPON FOR 1/6 BOX FREE.

I hereby offer to send one box of my Fat Cure, value 1s. 6d., privately packed and sealed, in return for this Coupon, if sent with name and address and three penny stamps for posting expenses. I will also send you my illustrated book, telling all about my cure, together with the evidence of those who have already tried it.

MRS. A. MASON, 13, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.

HEALTH, STRENGTH, & SUCCESS

Weak and ailing, you go to the wall, but blessed with manly strength you succeed. Life can hold no charm for you unless you are fit and well.

Drugs and medicine have proved their fallacy, so you must use another means to regain your health. "Electricity" is what you want to repair the broken down human machinery. When the fire goes out in the steam engine there is no more power. It is just the same with you; you lack the life power, which is but another name for Electricity. You must replace the power of life that you have lost, and this is just what the Ajax Battery will do for you. The scientific application of Electricity to the human body, as a curative agent, is the most important step in therapeutics of modern years. The Ajax Battery pours a glowing stream of new life into your weakened body. Your enfeebled organs are strengthened from the very first application. You are revived by this irresistible power, and you learn again that it is good to live. You regain your health and wonder why ever you neglected this simple natural remedy.

Neurasthenia becomes a thing of the past. Weakness is replaced by strength. The nervous system is brought back to life. Pains and aches vanish. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism and Lumbago, Stomach, Liver and Bladder Troubles are vanquished by this unfailing remedy, and you become a "man" once more.

HOW IT IS DONE

You must want to know. It is very simple. Just drop us a line, and we will immediately send you post free our illustrated work entitled "Electricity, the Road to Health." Then you will understand. You must get this book and read it; even a postcard suffices. But see to it now; your health, life's greatest treasure, is at stake

IT IS FREE

So write whilst you have it in your mind. It costs you nothing, but will prove to you that, weak and ailing, you can still regain life's charm. The book is sent by return free, in closely-sealed envelope. Call at the Institute for it, if you can, and get a free test of the "Ajax."

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Learn to SKETCH in 2 hours

Our Booklet S, sent post free, will tell you all about it. Write to-day to Secretary, A. B. C. School of Drawing, 210, Strand, London.

£20 A MONTH operating the **NEW MODEL COMBINATION CAMERA.** It takes and instantly develops eleven entirely different styles of pictures, including two sizes and four styles **PAPER POST CARDS**, six styles of Tintype Pictures, and Brooch Pictures. Requires no experience whatever. Everybody wants pictures. Five hundred per cent. profit. **THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER.** Small investment secures complete outfit, including Camera, Tripod, and material for 150 pictures. Make money the first day, no matter where you live or what you are doing. Detailed information free, including letters from prosperous operators everywhere. **A. LASCELLE, Manager, 8, Bouverie St., Dept. 424, London, E.C.**

"SUNNY SPAIN." EARL'S COURT. DAILY, at 3.30, 6.30, and 9.30, in the EMPRESS HALL, the GREAT REVUE and PAGEANT OF SPAIN. 300 Spanish Musicians, Singers and Dancers in Gorgeous National Costumes. **A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE.** Midday to Midnight. Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

So Quick — So Clean — So Comfortable,

and, withal, so simple that shaving with a Clemak is to be counted among the pleasures instead of the penalties of mankind. The keen, well-tempered Clemak blade skims the lather off the face and with it comes the beard, leaving the skin smooth and clean and comfortable. Pay what you will, you cannot get a better razor than the British-made "Clemak."

Silver-plated **Clemak** Razor with stropping handle and seven blades. In neat box (as illustrated above) **5/-**

Combination Outfit, containing Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades **10/6**

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

Of all Cutlers, Stores, etc., or from

The CLEMAK RAZOR Co., 17, Billiter St., London, E.C.

Bull's E

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Isn't Lloyd George's "refreshing [illegible] an the country can "stomach"?

Doesn't the poor "gait" of County [illegible] for the poor gate?

Will the builders on strike succeed in making themselves masters?

Does the Lord Mayor realise that "Peel" must not be stepped on?

Isn't the bootmakers' strike the "last" straw?

Is Bernard Shaw the only writer who may use bad language on the stage?

Have you ordered your Business Government Handbook yet?

Have you seen our Holiday Insurance Scheme on page 34?

"Naked Man's Wager," reads a headline. He must have put his shirt on it.

• • •

Little red marks on the skin of a slavey means that she has too many chaps.

• • •

A clerk of Malaga exchanged his fiancée for two parrots. She must be a talker!

• • •

Sands of Time won the Craven Stakes at Epsom. The name indicates a fast runner.

• • •

An author has called his book, "Looking for Trouble." Evidently it is not his first.

• • •

"Columbus was not a sailor," says Mr. H. N. Casson. But he "got there," anyway.

• • •

"There is no Ulster question," said Mr. Redmond. This, of course, was before the cold snap.

• • •

"Discourse," in Devon, we are informed, means bad language. So it does in Limehouse sometimes.

• • •

A Greenwich thief stole and sold the same cycle three times. Evidently a good machine to "go."

• • •

The secretary of the Manchester Advisory Committee is named Speakman. We hope he will answer.

• • •

Fifty servant girls of Budapest have started a "silence strike." Funny way to kick up a row.

• • •

Sir Gilbert Parker thinks that authors are too green to burn. But some of them are "dry old sticks."

• • •

It is said to be rare for a tailor's son to be brought up to the trade. Yet it seems a fitting occupation.

• • •

The L. C. C. is anxious to give lessons to wives. The average hubby thinks his wife knows too much already.

• • •

"He was as black as Newgate," said an Acton woman of her husband. She should have "whitewashed" him.

• • •

Bathing costumes with slashed skirts may be looked for, a fashion note informs us. And you bet they will be.

• • •

Two dogs wearing goggles were in a motor-car which passed through Hampton Court. A pair of spectacles, indeed.

• • •

With so many clerics at the Oval, reporters must be careful not to describe Surrey's new bowler as "fast Parsons."

• • •

Half a hundredweight of pebbles have been found in a flat tenanted by suffragettes. Fortunately their aim is poor.

• • •

A man against whom twenty-five convictions were proved, said he could remember only three. He missed the other counts.

• • •

A letter posted in 1870 has just been delivered in Rome. Since all roads lead there, it cannot have taken the wrong turning.

• • •

A wild cat forty-five inches long has been caught in Scotland. The rumour that it was growling "Votes for Women" is untrue.

• • •

A vicar laments the small interest taken in social events in comparison with sport. He shouldn't have had his bun-fight on Derby Day.

• • •

A retiring postman who walked 195,477 miles in forty-three years has been presented with an easy chair. As the small advts. say, "A good sit." has been provided for him.

Printer's Pie.

[THE WORK OF THE "DEVIL."]

"STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL":—

"The FLAMES spread with great rapidity and considerable damage was done. One of THEM was in MALE ATTIRE."

"SCHOOLMISTRESS":—

"Oystermouth (or Mumbles) is situated on Swansea Bay, and is about five miles from the town of Swansea—a pleasant walk, or can be reached by a steam car which runs EVERY HALF YEAR."

"WESTERN GAZETTE":—

"The BRIDEGROOM went away in a costume of grey-faced cloth embroidered with shaded blue silks, and a black hat."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—

"The sole source of CHILLED BEER is now Argentine, and the trade from that country is passing into the hands of American firms."

"BIRKENHEAD NEWS":—

"The inhabitants of the popular seaside resort (Rhyl) welcomed and CHEERED the troops WITH OPEN ARMS."

"MIRROR OF LIFE AND BOXING WORLD":—

"Jim Riley (Wigan) BEAT WILL OWEN. . . . A poor contest ended at OWEN WINNING on points."

"WEEKLY FRIEND":—

"After washing and DRYING the blankets, hang them up in the open air TO DRY, and beat them with a carpet beater."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—

"IN the adjoining church suffragist literature was strewn ON THE LAWN."

"EVENING NEWS" (Portsmouth):—

"Lord Meath has agreed to be re-nominated President of the Church Army, a position which he has held for MORE THAN A CENTURY."

"HOME COMPANION":—

"He COULD NOT SEE the dark figure moving away rapidly, but she was leaving the village behind her, and he stood at the door WATCHING TILL SHE HAD VANISHED FROM SIGHT."

"CALGARY DAILY HERALD" advertisement:—

"Man and wife to take charge of small boarding house. MAN'S BOARD and LODGING for WIFE'S SERVICES. WIDOW PREFERRED."

"CHRISTIAN NOVELS LIBRARY":—

"When the brandy came he poured some of it down Kathleen's throat, and then, feeling that it was IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIS PATIENT TO BE MOVED, he SENT THE PATIENT BACK to Ste. Pierre with a note explaining the case."

"NAIROBI CHURCH MAGAZINE":—

"Marriage. April 26th. George Perzamanos to Catherina AND Sabba Jacob."

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—

"Then her BLACK tulle dress heightened the WHITENESS of her dress and shoulders."

"NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE":—

"Sunfire must be considered VERY UNLUCKY to have WON."

"STAGE" advertisement:—

"Wanted, TWO ladies, work as THREE sisters."

"SHORT STORIES":—

"'She will want to be with her ARMS ROUND MY NECK and both her HANDS IN MY POCKETS all the time.'"

"TIT-BITS" NOVELS:—

"As the girl entered the room it seemed to her that her father thrust something OUT OF SIGHT beneath his pillow. Yes, there is was, GLITTERING IN THE LIGHT."

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.

Thousands delighted with the "John Bull" Pen. Coupon page ii. of Cover.

"MORE SWEEPSTAKE ROMANCES."

FURTHER INTERESTING PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE JOHN BULL DERBY SWEEP.

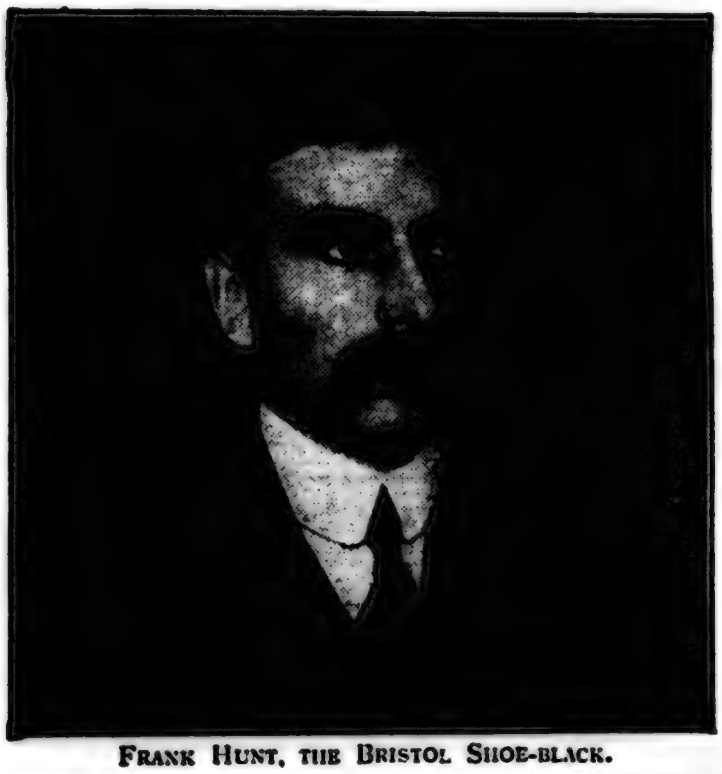
This week we are able to give photos of the two most interesting winners in the great John Bull Derby Sweep—(1) Madame Gluck*man* (not Gluck*ad*, as originally published), a small shopkeeper of Toulouse, and (2) Mr. Frank Hunt, a shoeblack, of Bristol. Our first

THE OLD LADY ON HER WEDDING DAY.

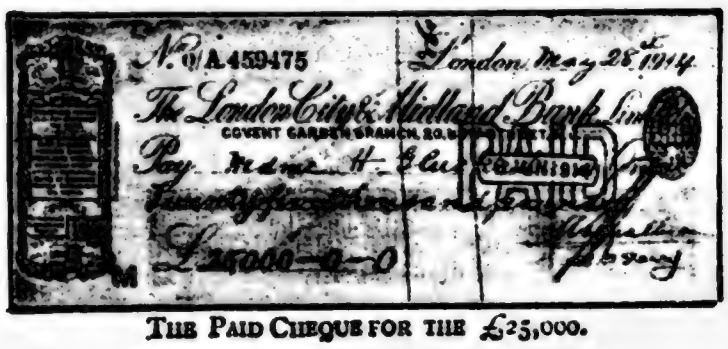
AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

picture of Mme. Gluckman shows her in her wedding gown, on the arm of her husband, as she was nearly forty years ago, and the second as she is to-day. She is 66 years of age, has lived in Toulouse for the past thirty years, and has been a widow for a little over three years. She is now in England. on a round of visits to her friends and relatives, and is, naturally, having a high old time. We understand, however, that other members of the family were interested in the winning ticket, but the old lady's share is a substantial one and comes to her as a very welcome windfall.

The other photo is that of Mr. Hunt, who, as announced last week, won the third prize of £2,500. He is an extremely intelligent person and may be safely trusted to make good use of the money. He tells us that the first individual to call and congratulate him was a local parson, who was good enough also to tender valuable advice on the subject of investments! As, however, Mr. Hunt was not a member of the reverend gentleman's congregation, and had not the privilege of his acquaintance, he preferred seeking financial guidance elsewhere. The winner of the second prize of £5,000, Mrs. Seaton, is a lady whose husband is, we understand, in a fair way of business in Kensington.



FRANK HUNT, THE BRISTOL SHOE-BLACK.



THE PAID CHEQUE FOR THE £25,000.

And here, for the present, ends the story of the John Bull Derby Sweep of 1914.

What will happen as regards future Derby Sweepstakes it is at the moment impossible to say with any certainty. But of one thing the public may be sure; whether the Swiss authorities yield or not to the puritanical pressure now being brought to bear upon them, facilities will undoubtedly be provided for the outlet of those sporting instincts which are one of the chief characteristics of the British race. Hence it may be taken for granted that in 1915, as in the present year and in 1913, the John Bull Derby Sweep, by whomever managed, and wherever organised, will duly take place, to add zest and interest to our great racing festival.

RESULT OF OUR CRICKET COMPETITION.

No one succeeded in forecasting correctly all the results of the matches. Fourteen competitors, however, sent in coupons showing only two errors, and the Consolation Prize of £150 has been divided between them, each receiving £10 14s. 4d. The winners were as follows:—

BESLER, HORACE, Woodchurch, Kent.
POTTING, GEORGE, Ninfield, Battle, Sussex.
BROAD, JAMES, 22, Spencer Street, Park Road, Battersea, S.W.
CARTER, Mrs. R., Cliftonville, Rickmansworth.
DEWEY, E., Bath Road, Bitterne, Hants.
FRANKS, Mr. S., Caemawr, Clydach-on-Sawe, Swansea.
GUILFOYLE, L., 48, Rectory Grove, Woolwich.
HOWARD, R. J., 74, South Luton Place, Cardiff.
LULLINGER, E., Hinton Ampner, Alresford, Hants.
SMITH, WILLIAM, Orchid Union, Sandbank, Cheshire.
STUCK, Mr. T., 138 South Street, Ponder's End, Enfield.
TETLOW, A., 5, New Brown Street, Manchester.
WEBB, JAMES, (Hairdresser). Ledbury, Herefordshire.
WILKINSON, A., 493, Fitzwilliam Road, Rotherham.

The Prize of £50 for the next best forecast, on a coupon taken from *Mary Bull*, is divided between the following twenty-nine competitors, whose results showed three errors. Each receives £1 14s. 6d.:—

AYLES, Mrs., 130, Malmesbury Road, Southampton.
AXON, E. J., 24, Eton Road, Ilford.
BRIGHT, Mrs. MARY E., Penthafren, Newtown, Montgomery.
BURTON, F., Ridgelands, Wimbledon, S.W.
DAWSON, Mrs., 63, Caledon Road, East Ham, E.
GRIFFIN, Mrs., 74, Horseley Road, Great Bridge, S. Staffs.
HISCOCKS, C. W. 158, Abbott Road, Poplar, E.
HARVEY, T. J., 143, High Street, Portland, Dorset.
LAYWOOD, Ed., 11, Poole Road, South Hackney, N.E.
LOVETT, JAMES, 34a, King Street, Hammersmith.
LIDDLE, SAMUEL, 55, Ordnance Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
MORRIS, Mrs. E., 140, Colum Road, Cardiff.
MASON, Mrs. E., 1, Albert Villas, Celtic Road, Croydon.
McDONALD, C., Trearenue, Trowbridge, Wilts.
NEATH, MARY 64, Kilvarock Street, Queen's Park, London.
PEARCE, HAROLD, 2, Berkeley Place, Cheltenham.
PACKHAM, Mrs. R., Long Sutton, Somerset.
PRITTY, Mrs. A. E., St. John's, Woolbridge.
ROBJENT, Miss E., 114, Barnsbury Road, Barnsbury.
SKIGGS, Mrs., 88, Union Road, Dover.
TOOLE, A. R., Highclere, Winchester Road, Bassett, Southampton.
TAYLOR, Mrs. W., 9, New Inn Lane, Gloucester.
THOMAS, Mrs. M. E., 17, Church Terrace, Ynyshir, Rhondda, Glam.
WALKER, ELLEN, 38, Goodrich Road, East Dulwich.
WILLIAMS, Miss OLIVE, 1, Greenfield, Portfield's, Hereford.
WELLS, R., Queen Street, Uppingham.
WOOD, ROSIE, 68, Crescent, Woodlands, Doncaster.
WARE, W., High Street, Shoreham-by-Sea.
WALKER, Mrs. A., 21, Glen Helen Street, Liverpool.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Am writing to ask you if you can give me any information with regards to 'Tram and Buss' tickets. I have collected over a million and should be greatly obliged to any information wherewith they would benefit any person in any 'Home, School, or Institution.'"

"Re The Business Government League one of the members of the same is a person known as ——— ———, Who Joined your league from India. At the time he was employed at ——— ———, If you want persons of good character only strike his name off, his wife is my sister, he lately sent for her to Join him in India, On her arrival she found him living with (an undesirable person) she refused to have anything to do with him, and he has now decampted, he is also a mason."

HOW A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS STOPPED HER HAIR FALLING.

MISS UNITY MOORE'S VALUABLE ADVICE TO ALL WHO WISH NICE HAIR.

It is not generally known that Miss Unity Moore, the vivacious young actress playing a leading part in the "Marriage Market" at Daly's Theatre, recently had the unpleasant experience of losing a large quantity of her beautiful hair. Writing from Daly's Theatre she tells us how, after undergoing an op ration, her hair lost its lustre and began to fall out to an alarming extent. A friend advised her to try Lavona Hair Tonic, and this is what she says concerning this preparation:—"Since I have used Lavona Hair Tonic I am glad to say that the falling out has completely stopped. I am simply delighted. My hair has now much more life in it, and the result of using Lavona Hair Tonic is most satisfactory." Lavona Hair Tonic is, in fact, so wonderfully effective that it is obtainable under a personally-signed guarantee of satisfaction or money back from Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Whiteleys, John Barker & Co., Selfridge's, Army & Navy Stores, Junior Army & Navy Stores, Parkes Drug Stores, Lewis & Burrows, Taylor's Drug Co., Henry Hodder & Co., and Timothy White's.

Under this guarantee you do not pay one penny for the tonic unless it satisfies you completely, and your decision is absolutely final; therefore we strongly recommend all readers suffering from hair trouble of any kind to get a bottle and try it without delay.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

Under the Patronage of H.M. The King.

OLYMPIA, June 4th to 16th

(Between EPSOM and ASCOT).

LARGEST HORSE SHOW EVER HELD.

JUMPING BY MILITARY OFFICERS OF ALL NATIONS

Band of the Royal Artillery. Unrivalled Decorations
Unique Military Bands. Beautiful Floral Promenade.

INTERNATIONAL JUMPING.

SEATS from 1/- **Reserved Seats** can now be booked at Olympia (Telephone: Hammersmith 1340). Agents: Keith, Prowse & Co., 162, New Bond-st., and their Branches; Alfred Hays, District Messengers, Ashton & Mitchell, Cecil Roy, Webster & Waddington (Ltd.), Webster & Girling

THE RACING STUD SPECIAL.

Posted **MONDAYS** Price **5s.** under cover.

The "**RACING WORLD**" says: "A remarkable run of big race wins for years past." "**JOHN BULL**" says: "Run on Straight Lines." We gave **OUTRAM**, 25-1, **TRIANON**, 100-8, 2nd. **CHINA COCK**, 8-1, won. **WRACK**, 4-1, won. **CHINA COCK**, 11-4, won. **ANNECY**, 100-8, won. **THISTLETON**, 20-1, City, lost. **KENNYMORE**, 2-1, won. **BRAXTED**, 100-15, 2nd. **ALEPPO**, 5-1, won. **CURRAGH**, 100-8, won. **CORCYRA**, won. **BIRLINGHAM**, S'bury Cup, won. **DERBY: BREAKSPEAR**, 100-8, 5th. **OAKS: PRINCESS DORRIE**, 11-4, won. An unbeatable BIG RACE RECORD. **ALL PROOFS** sent to "**JOHN BULL**" before racing. Where are the **PROOFS** of **OTHERS?** Post quick, **5s.** for **NEXT MONDAY'S GREAT "ASCOT" ISSUE**, giving **ONLY "FOUR" BIG WINNING TIPS** (not 40, like others give), the **ROYAL HUNT CUP SURPRISE**, the **ASCOT STAKES, WOKINGHAM, GOLD CUP**, all good. **WE GUARANTEE TO WIRE 5 GOOD WINNERS** for **£2**. Only ONE HORSE for a race. Odds on Wins not counted. Begin any day. A "**BIG S.P. GEM**" runs on **SATURDAY**. Don't miss it.

"**THE RACING STUD,**" **HIGH ROAD, TURNHAM GREEN, LONDON, W.**

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES

YOU CAN START WITH ONLY £3 CAPITAL! PROFITS OFTEN EXCEED £10 DAILY.

Known throughout the world as the most reliable means of beating the bookmakers. Don't lose any more money.

I ASSURE YOU A REGULAR INCOME

without fail each season. Follow my Daily System Wires and celebrated method of investment. Acknowledged by all my clients as the most wonderful method ever invented. IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME. There is no risk, as, should I fail in the terms of my guarantee,

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL

without making any deductions for telegraphic expenses. Could I say anything fairer or offer more genuine proof? Send for MY GREAT FREE 44-Page BOOK. It contains scores of testimonials, proofs, press opinions, past selections, and moreover, explains HOW TO MAKE RACING PAY. Don't wait until to-morrow, you may forget.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING,

so sit down and write now. Simply write your name and address and the words "JOHN BULL" on a postcard, and the book will be sent you by return of post in a PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE.

MY GREAT FREE 44-PAGE BOOK TELLS YOU HOW YOU CAN MAKE RACING PAY!

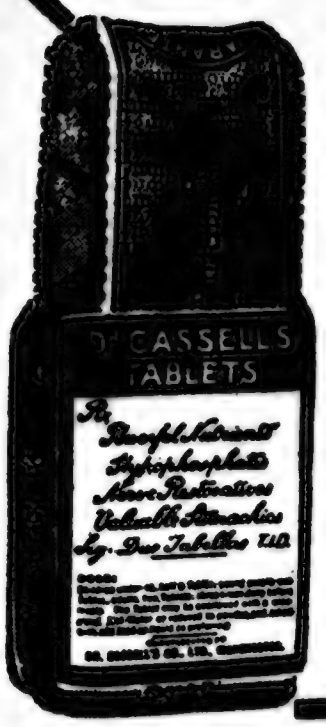
C. ALLEN, 386, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. Persons under 21 are respectfully requested not to apply.

MAN WHO NEVER SLEPT

Perpetual Wakefulness, Neurasthenia and Paralysis followed an operation.—Best Hospital Treatment fails and compensation awarded as hopelessly incurable—made strong and well by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Surely never in human experience has a more extraordinary story been given to the world than that of **Mr. Arthur George Felton**, the man who never slept, and it is a story of actual fact. For five years Mr. Felton suffered from insomnia—not the insomnia which means loss of a few hours' sleep nightly or of a whole night's sleep occasionally, but perpetual wakefulness. In addition, Mr. Felton was paralysed. Yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured him when the best skill in London had failed, and to-day he is a strong, healthy man again. Seen recently at **6, Chipstead Villas, Chipstead Road, Coulsdon, Surrey**, Mr. Felton gave the following particulars to our special correspondent:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets freed me from the terrible affliction of sleeplessness or insomnia when the best doctors in London could not give me even temporary relief, and I shall never cease to praise this truly wonderful medicine. In 1905, as a result of an accident, I lost the sight of one eye. An operation had to be performed, after which I suffered from Neurasthenia and Insomnia, and became paralysed. I was turned out of hospital incurable, and told I could never work again, compensation being awarded me. I could just get about with great difficulty, dragging my right foot; and my right hand being helpless. Then came sleeplessness. Do what I would, or take what I would, I never slept night or day. For five years altogether I never could have slept more than a few minutes at a time, for I heard every hour strike every night. Relief came at last with Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They enabled me to sleep, and now I am a strong, healthy man again, and my right arm is actually stronger than my left." A wonderful case truly; but take Dr. Cassell's Tablets and you will know from your own experience their amazing power to restore lost strength, vitality, and living nerve-force.

MR. ARTHUR G. FELTON, LONDON.



Dr Cassell's Tablets

are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres. They are the surest remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Wasting Diseases
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorders	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Anæmia		Vital Exhaustion

and are specially valuable for nursing Mothers, and the Critical Periods of Life.

All chemists the world over sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 2s. 1½d., and 3s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.

Medical Advice Free on request from Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., (Box A24), Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Extract from the
"STAR"
MAY 28th, 1914.

LUCK OF THE DERBY
LUCKY HOUSEMAID.

"The 'Sportsman' reports that Miss Elizabeth Farmer, a Leamington housemaid, somewhat reluctantly took her mistress's advice and bought a 2s. 6d. ticket. She drew DURBAR II. and is now due to receive £5,000." The cheque from the 'TOTALISATOR,' Lucerne, for this amount has now been received by Miss E. Farmer.

Particulars of the £3,000 on the Royal Hunt Cup free on application, mentioning this paper, to:

THE TOTALISATOR,

Lucerne, Switzerland.

Managing Director - - H. CULLERNE-BOWN.

"THE HOUNSLOW RACING CRITIC."

Edited by H. HIBBERT. (Established 1900.)

The Most Up-to-date Racing Special.
Published at 4 p.m. each Monday. Price 2s. 6d.

"The Critic," May 25, says:—"In coming closer I shall confidently stand on THE QURRAGH to win, and look to Junior for a place."

THE BOSS	NAP	Won	7	to 4	The BRAUMONT HANDICAP.
HALIFAX	NAP	Won	11	to 8	The HOLIDAY HANDICAP.
BIRLINGHAM	NAP	Won	13	to 8	The SALISBURY CUP.
SERENADER	NAP	Won	7	to 1	The BEAUFORT HANDICAP.
GAMBYSES	NAP	Won	8	to 1	The ALEXANDRA HANDICAP.
CORCYRA	NAP	Won	3	to 1	The NEWMARKET STAKES.
ALEPPO	NAP	Won	3	to 1	The CHESTER CUP.
ADULAR	NAP	Won	9	to 4	The HIGH WEIGHT H'DIC'P.
COCK OF THE ROCK	NAP	Won	9	to 4	The GUILDFORD HANDICAP.
CHINA COCK	NAP	Won	11	to 4	The QUEEN'S PRIZE.
DUNHOLM	NAP	Won	5	to 1	The CHADDESDEN PLATE.
WRACK	NAP	Won	4	to 1	The NEWBURY CUP.
FITMASTON	NAP	Won	3	to 1	The TOWN HANDICAP.
LIGHT BRIGADE	NAP	Won	10	to 11	The BRIDGEMAN HANDICAP
THE BOSS	NAP	Won	6	to 1	The BATTHYANY PLATE.

Worked on my New Method with a £20 Bank. The Bank to Date stands at £165 15s. 11d., showing a Clear Profit of £85 15s. 11d.

15 Winners out of 41 Selections. Strictly a One-Horse Nap.

I will forfeit £1,000 if not correct.

Only Two Selections per day are given. The Best is Nap as above.

Free Private Letter is sent for the week-end if any change in the Selections.

Thursday's two Selections were:—THE BOSS (NAP) WON 7 to 4, KNIGHT OF GLIN WON 5 to 1.

Another recent winning double was:—SERENADER (NAP) WON 7 to 1, BRAVE CHAP WON 7 to 1.

NO COMMENT IS REQUIRED. THE ABOVE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

A ROYAL ASCOT CERTAIN.

The Ascot Stakes (Nap), the Royal Hunt Cup (I fear nothing), the Gold Vase, the Ascot Derby, the Gold Cup, the Wokingham Stakes, and Alexandra Plate are considered good for my Selections. Do not miss them.

POST AT ONCE 2/6. A RECORD WEEK CERTAIN.

My Paddock Wires are in grand form. The terms are 20/- Entrance Fee, and the odds to 10/- each winner sent. The 20/- to be deducted from the first winner sent.

My Occasional One-Horse Guarantee Wires are most consistently successful. Not sent every day; only when good. Terms: Remit 10/-, and I guarantee to send you a winner at least 2 to 1 against.

I want every reader of JOHN BULL to have my wires for Ascot, and to all who mention this paper, JOHN BULL, I will send the "Hounslow Racing Critic" for June 15th, "Royal Ascot" 4 Paddock Wires, and 4 Occasional One-Horse Guarantee Wires for 20/- (This offer is for JOHN BULL readers only.)

Do not miss it. Please post early, and oblige.

Address: FLORINDA LODGE, HOUNSLOW.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

DR. J. D. R. (Bolton).—"Might not Ipswich be referred to as the bird for the Government seat?" Sorry, but your humour is a little too subtle for us.

A. S. (Blockley) thinks that if the King were to come forward and say: "My country does not want Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment, and I shall not sanction either," we might then have a little more peace in the country. We wouldn't give much for the King's peace.

F. L. B. (Wisbech).—Glad our exposure of Wm. Haddon, of Tipton, saved you from executing his lordly order for rose trees.

T. H. H. J. (Ealing) writes: "Sir John, did the 10th Hussar shot miners in the Last South Wales strike from one who knows." If you know, why ask us?

"BLASTER" (Prescot).—We do not advise dealings on the instalment system with Genz, Wheeler and Co., the knitting machine manufacturers.

E. G. (Twickenham).—After all, there *are* necessitous school children, even in Twickenham; but if you do not choose to subscribe to the fund, that is a matter for yourself.

Will John William Shaw, ladies' tailor, late of South Kensington, please forward us his address?

Mr. Albert E. Peck (54, Davis Road, Acton Vale) wishes to be dissociated from the A. Peck, "Turf Accountant and Telegraphist," referred to in our issue of May 30th.

"ANXIOUS" (Glasgow).—We don't see anything to be anxious about. 1012 pennies are worth exactly four farthings each, whether they have the "tiny H" you speak of on them or not.

W. S. T. (Brandon, Man.).—You say you are surprised we have not exposed the "canting hypocrite," Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist. No need. He has already exposed himself.

E. W. (Highgate).—Your only effective argument against the gas company is to let them take away their meter and then lighten your darkness with candles. Law is costly, and the company is in a position to buy most of it.

C. L. (Barry I.).—Noted that the Admiralty is not prepared to adopt your idea of "raising sunken vessels by means of large electro magnets." Candidly, we don't wonder.

K. K. (Leeds).—The police "frightened the printer's face into his feet," did they? Things might have been worse if they had frightened the editor's feet into his face.

"NIKAM" (Cheshire).—We have little confidence in advertising educational institutes and correspondence colleges which *guarantee* to find their students highly remunerative situations after a course of instruction. They protest too much.

"JOSEPHINE" (Sutton).—Your request to refrain from publishing your letter in our pages is granted the more willingly because we had no intention of printing it.

E. G. (Peckham).—We do not understand your postcard. You talk about your time being wasted. What about the way you have wasted ours?

W. G. (Carnarvon).—What had the Mohammedans' taking of Alexandria to do with the Swansea Education Committee? Notwithstanding your erudite and lengthy screed, we still say that to make Welsh a compulsory subject in elementary schools is absurd.

J. W. (Manchester).—For Heaven's sake don't send us your "comica opear 3 Parts finish." We cannot undertake to "fine some one who would buy it." That would be the magistrate's duty, unless he considered it a case for hard labour.

"WESTERN HOSPITAL."—Your fellow patient who maintains that there are no such things as pickled walnuts should be in an asylum, not a hospital.

F. D. (Wood Green, N.).—We cannot tell you whether there are tooth-brushes in Heaven, but there may be some in the other place, where the gnashing is done.

F. W. (Plaistow, E.).—We cannot help it if W. Dixon and Son, Scalemakers, have left 1, Pinnock Terrace, Camberwell, S.E. Should we hear of their present whereabouts we will endeavour to let you know. Meantime, we have returned your papers.

"BANDARILLERO" (Newquay).—If you are of the aristocratic descent you claim to be, you ought to know that "sixteen great-grand-parents of armorial family" (*seize quartiers*) means sixteen armorial ancestors in the direct line, counting back from the grand-parents. This, taking 25 years as a generation, would carry back, roughly, to between four and five hundred years—a respectable descent, speaking aristocratically—not democratically.

D. M. (Greenock).—You call yourself a regular reader, and yet you ask our opinion of the Yankee gang who trade on the foolish in the name of Hugh McKean, and the Universal Mail Order Institute, of Westminster Bridge Road!

G. H. S. (London, S.W.).—Your reply to the article we recently printed, "Is there a British Empire?" is quite good, but it is not necessary to print it, because everybody knows there is. Our contributor was only trying to rouse the British Lion.

G. L. (North Shields).—We question whether the Poet Laureate himself could do anything much better than your "Sonnet on the South Pole Disaster." Considering that you are a miner, and "hew coals every day for your bread," your work is surprisingly good. Where do you breathe the divine afflatus—down below?

J. P. E. (Harringay).—We can scarcely print remarks concerning our contemporaries, overheard in a tramcar.

THE REV. FRANCIS KNIGHT, of the Theistic Church, Southampton, wants to know "why the Bishop of Kensington should have the audacity to quote *Das Programm*, the Continental organ, to bring about any alteration in music-hall programmes—when it is common knowledge that all Continental morality inside and outside of places of amusement is basely immoral and vastly more degrading than any of the stages in England." The Bishop must answer for himself. At the same time we must say that we do not endorse Mr. Knight's sweeping charges against our Continental neighbours. In private life they are not much worse than ourselves. The difference is that what they do openly we do on the sly.

F. V. (Birmingham).—We find it difficult to believe that a fitter and turner was discharged simply for cleaning the blade of his pocket-knife with a bit of emery cloth. Have you told us all the truth?

C. J. F. (Gillingham) asks: "What care stinking radical-cum-socialists for King or Union Jack?" Not a shake of a duck's tail, eh?

"EXPECTANT" (Western Australia).—We don't doubt that there is room for an Australian JOHN BULL. From evidence we are constantly receiving, we should say there is as much graft, jobbery, humbug, and hypocrisy—political, social, and religious—in the Commonwealth, as anywhere on earth.

T. W. (Burnley).—If you have not yet received the bale of bedding for which you say you sent 20s. to S. G. Watson and Co., 114, Otley Road, Bradford, write a letter to the Chief Constable of Bradford and tell him your story.

"MAC" (Merton).—Perhaps by this time you have recovered your deposit from the Highbury Furnishing Co. If not, you should consult a solicitor.

"BLACK JACK" (Lower Edmonton).—We should not advise you to purchase one of Genz, Wheeler and Co.'s Auto-Knitters with the idea of making money by it.

W. A. W. (Brum) says he has "made a kind of fast and loose agreement" with the International Novelty House, of Nancy, France. Then he should loose himself from it as fast as he can.

A. V. P. (Victoria, B.C.) declares that there are 27,000 men out of work in Vancouver, and 7,000 in Victoria. Oh, what a happy land is Canada!

MISS A. B. P. (Andover).—You say you have read JOHN BULL for several years. Then it is incredible that you have not read our repeated exposures of the British Supply Stores, of Cannon Street, Manchester. You have been caught by the old deposit trick, and we hope it will be a warning to you.

J. C. A. (Leicester).—As you surmise, the Lancashire Commercial Agency—Employment Specialists—of 7, Brazennose Street, Manchester, are ice-snatchers.

5,073 "Bullets" Prizes, value £1,775, weekly, See page 34.

"ICTA" (Southport).—Persons who do not believe us when we say that every "Bullet" received is carefully read by the judges would be wise to have nothing to do with the competition, else their scepticism might receive a shock.

J. T. Y. (Barnard Castle).—We do not recommend the Sanitary Training College, as we are not convinced either that its certificates are accepted by the governing body of the profession, or that its students are likely to secure appointments.

"STOSS" (Leeds).—The address of the Lunacy Commission is 66, Victoria Street, London, S.W. Now we can understand your playing a trick to test the genuineness of our "Bullets" competition.

S. C. (Aberdeen).—"Trusting you will do all in your power to advance your countrymen by inducing them to copy Scottish character and procedure." You appear to be of a trusting nature.

A. M. (Glenraig).—We did not recall it as the *Postal* Training College. That is straightforward, certainly; the value of its course is, however, dependent on the advantage students are able to take of it.

"ELISHA" (Twyford).—If Stubb's can't find any basis for further trust, don't trust further. All you can do is to sue.

"EMMA" (Leamington Spa).—Glad to know you are quite sane.

MRS. V. (Greenwich).—We don't exactly understand your letter. Try to explain to the Secretary of the Approved Society.

M. V. R. (Towyn).—If you were not a new reader we should address you in severe accents. The man is a humbug and a liar.

J. K. (Resolven).—First we *have* heard of it; and don't forget that a concern is not a "fraud" merely because you think it is.

"ROSE AND THISTLE" (Malta).—The only coinage we understand is current coinage.

A. E. (New-X).—Same old nigger game.

W. G. (Heatley).—We know nothing of the firm. If there is a copy of Sell's *World's Press* in your public library, you would find the name of a local paper. Write then to its editor.

"ADMIRER" (Bristol).—Probably he had spasms.

P. S. (Worthing).—"When will the nation wake and take a pull, and follow up the teachings of JOHN BULL. Obtain a Bizness Government, and thence make laws which glorify its commonsense?" When it tells us, we will tell you.

C. B. (Fulham).—Sorry we cannot take the responsibility of advising you. As you know nothing of the country you had better write to Right Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner, Australia Offices, Victoria Street, S.W.

E. W. (Lytham).—You must be a new reader. Week after week, month after month, and year after year, we have said the concern is run by Yankee charlatans.

"READER FROM NO. 1." (W.C.).—That is probably why the gent left £325,223. He made good use of his pence, and the pounds took care of themselves.

"INTERESTED" (S. on T.).—Have not previously heard of the concern. Search your public library catalogue, or state your requirements to a local publisher.

"NEW READER" (Camden Town).—13th December 1913.

H. R. (Brighton).—The copy of the *Portsmouth Telegraph*, dated 14th Oct, 1799, is of no value to us. Try the *Portsmouth Telegraph*.

"READER" (Marble Arch).—Don't know much of the throat lubricant you name, but if you like your Guinness "poured all out," no doubt a publican will oblige if you ask him.

H. W. (Sheffield).—A little more ombongpong, and your get-up as John Bull would be perfect of its kind.

"AMBITIOUS" (S. Wales).—You have infringed our rule about name and address. However, apply to the Librarjan, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.

H. L. (Brighton).—The post office at Brighton should not have taken in the telegram if it could not be delivered.

E. C. (Highgate).—Glad to gather that you approve of us, on the whole. On the whole, we approve of ourselves.

T. D. (S. W.).—It is not our intention to advertise the hosiery, but we don't mind admitting they are the only socks we have heard of that "Prevent hair from falling off" and are the "Finest hair-restorer in the world." Probably Mr. G. R. Sims will now be jealous.

"WILDRUITH" (Swindon).—We have no special information *re* Milner, 4, Percy Circus, London, W.C.

"SISTER OF MERCY" (Fulford).—Many thanks.

W. W. (Brandon, Manitoba).—"I quite agree with your statement with regards to work for three months and unemployment for the remaining nine months." Probably the only person who doesn't agree with us on that point is the emigration booster.

"ELLEN" (Islington).—Sorry we do not know any theatrical company who could find you employment as a messenger.

C. C. K. (St. Annes).—All newspapers make "a printing mistake" now and then. See our "Printer's Pie" column.

A. B. (Shrewsbury).—We have pleasure in informing you that pennies minted in the year 1912 are still worth exactly one penny each.

E. B. H. (Middlesex).—How should *we* know where you can obtain employment addressing lottery circulars? Hope your luck has turned by now.

"BORROWER" (Kingsbridge).—Send the moneylender no more money for inquiry fees. Try some local man who knows your circumstances.

T. A. H. (Stourbridge).—Your initials are almost all we can read of your carbon screed. What is it all about?

J. B. (Glasgow).—Menelik, who died recently, was called the Emperor or Negus of Abyssinia. He was certainly the last Emperor to die.

MRS. O. (Lower Kirby).—Any person who advertises that pianoforte playing can be taught in one day is either a knave or a fool.

"ANXIOUS" (Bermondsey, S.E.).—We cannot tell you "on what grounds" you can make your husband send you money. Is not the fact that you are his wife sufficient?

J. M. (Dublin).—Please tell you the address of the Secretary of one of the principal railways in New York or Chicago? Certainly. "New York" or "Chicago."

W. R. (Co. Down).—"Is good night a compound word?" It is, and it isn't. Good-night. We hope you will have a good night.

"INQUISITIVE" (Wigan).—The tobacconist who sells six Woodbines for a penny instead of five, the regulation number, is not playing the game, and we believe the Imperial Tobacco Company could take action against him if they knew it.

F. D. (Pevensey).—We all know what the word "luck" means, but whether there is such a thing is purely a matter of opinion, —and experience.

"INTERESTED READER" (Dunstable).—We are not picture valuers, but we can tell you that there has been a slump in "Sidney Coopers." He painted too many and too long.

W. M. B. (Leicester).—Assuming vaccination to be effectual it is of far greater importance than baptism, so the girl's remark was not so silly as it seemed.

E. J. D. (Swindon).—Have "Gray and Stevenson ever met in a game of billards"? Certainly. For the rest, write the *Sportsman*.

F. H. (Bristol).—There are many ways of "starting" a proprietary club, but only one way of registering it—which is to supply the Clerk to the Justices of the Petty Sessional Division in which the club is situate with the particulars he requires before the end of January. Are you, too, going to try to do the publican out of his job?

T. L. (ANDOVER).—On the assumption that the Board of Guardians accepted a substantially lower tender for equal quality milk, the Business Government cannot quarrel with them.

"NIL DESPERANDUM" (Corsall) is glad we are continuing the conversations overheard in a barber's shop. That is more than some of the customers are, however.

MARIE B. (S. Woodford): "Can you please inform me where to apply for employment in the Secret Service?" No; that is one of the secrets.

A. B. (Glasgow).—If you had read JOHN BULL with attention you would not have been such a fool as to send 10s. to the British Supply Stores, of Cannon Street, Manchester, for one of their "three guinea solid gold wristlet watches." It does not surprise us that you have received neither the goods nor an acknowledgment of the cash. And a Glaswegian, too! Hoot, mon!

A. J. (Kensington, S.W.).—All servants' registry offices where fees are asked in advance are, in a sense, fee-snatching agencies, as there is no guarantee that the client will be suited. However, the one you bring to our notice seems to be one of the modest variety, asking only 2s. 6d.

P. C. R. L. (Eastbourne).—We have no complaints against the business; that is all we can say.

MRS. M. C. (Gloucester).—The Waterman Advertising Co. are tricksters. It is your money they want; you'll get precious little of theirs. We cannot now reply by post.

E. F. L. (Plymouth).—"Being a reader of your valuable paper, and being a victim of that Hugh McKean, of 260, Westminster Bridge Road, who you have been constantly exposing, and which in all respect I——." Now, what do you think we have been constantly exposing McKean for? For fun?

P. L. D. (Wakefield) asks us to "Help with our great brain for the Common Good." What on earth else are we trying to do? But as to whether "Home Rule ensures His House in Order," that remains to be seen.

£500 for the best "Bullet"—over 5,000 other Prizes: See page 34.

LEGAL.

"JARVAC II" (Kildare).—You can obtain a copy of the will from the Probate Department, Somerset House, Strand, London, W.C. The cost is 6d. per folio of 90 words.

A. G. (St. Albans).—You do not make it quite clear what you wish to know; but if your son has had no access to his wife, and she has a baby while separated from him, he cannot be held liable.

"ANXIOUS" (Heckmondwike).—The will is in order. It does not require any stamp. Death duties, will, of course, be payable when it comes into force.

P. H. H. (Holloway).—Mercy on us! Your story about "Robbery by Reference" is so long and complicated that we shied at it.

"E. E. E." (London, E.).—If you desire to commence business as a money-lender, you must register yourself in accordance with the Act of 1900; the cost is £1. You can obtain the necessary form from Somerset House. It is a risky business, and you may lose much if you do not understand it—and we don't think you do. If owing to the hazard you charge high interest, you will be termed "a harsh and unconscionable scoun'rel"; if you charge reasonable interest you will soon exhaust your capital, and will then be termed "an egregious ass"!

J. T. (Staffs.).—If you wish your child's birth certificate altered, you should communicate with the Superintendent Registrar of Births, Somerset House, Strand, London.

H. L. (Dalmuir).—What you did seems to us a reasonable performance of that part of the company's implied contract in which they themselves failed; whether it is worth your while to sue them is another matter.

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

NAKAMUN ASPHALT AND OIL COMPANY.—W. H. (Dunlee).—E. No. 9.—Pay nothing more, and if you are threatened with proceedings instruct a solicitor. We are afraid you must look upon the amount you have already paid as lost.

NATAL RAILWAY, &c.—H. C. (Woodville).—We presume you refer to the VRYHEID (NATAL) COAL AND IRON COMPANY, the preference shares of which are quoted round about 7s. 6d. and the ordinary about 2s. The market is a very limited one, and in a small lot like 20 shares you might have to accept less.

GALICIAN OIL TRUST.—H. B. T. (Widnes).—The company paid a dividend of 5 per cent. last year, but it is sadly in want of working capital. It is very difficult to say whether you should hang on or cut your loss.

LOCAL LOAN STOCK.—J. B. (Leeds).—The present value of £200 nominal is about £170. If it is held through the P.O. Savings' Bank the Government will carry through the transaction for you; otherwise you must sell on the market in the ordinary way.

C. & M. ROUTLEDGE, LTD.—A. BAKER (Barrow).—We have a very poor opinion of the venture, and would advise you to leave it alone. Debentures are a charge on the property, and in case of default the holders can foreclose to the exclusion of the creditors and shareholders.

STRAITS COCONUT AND COPRA COMPANY.—L. J. (Gloucester).—We criticised this concern in our issue of March 14th, and do not consider it "a fairly safe and remunerative investment." Quite the contrary.

BURBANK'S BIRTHDAY GOLD MINES.—D. B. (Southampton).—We presume this is the company you refer to, although the property is in Westralia, not South Africa. The outlook is doubtful and the prospect of further dividends remote.

JOHN MOIR AND SONS.—A. B. C. (Canterbury).—The company has been doing better recently, and we think you would be right to hold on, as there is a substantial business behind it.

JOHN BULL BANK.—S. A. (Wexford).—The bank regularly pays 5 per cent. upon deposits. As regards the other question you ask, we will forward your letter to the manager, who will doubtless communicate with you.

ALWAYZAIR DEMONSTRATION AND DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE.—J. W. (Blackridge).—If you know the people intimately you might risk a few pounds in it, but it does not look a particularly attractive investment; if it were, such a small sum as £500 could surely be obtained privately, without the expense of circularising.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS.—ANXIOUS BULL.—We are afraid you must regard your money as lost.

TOTARA LEATHER COMPANY.—HAYSDENE (Sydenham).—Please send us any particulars you have about the concern as we do not know it, but we certainly should not advise you to invest so largely in order to secure a position in the company.

INVESTMENTS.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It is a mistake to split your investments into too small amounts. You cannot do better than put, say, half into the Gold Coast Government 4 per cent. Loan, just issued at 98½, and the other half into London and South Western Railway Preferred Ordinary stock, which yields between 4¾ and 5 per cent.

RAILWAY STOCKS.—J. R. T. (Middlesbrough).—We prefer North Eastern Ordinary, which is quite a sound investment at present price. There are no really good debentures giving the yield you desire.

INVESTMENTS.—READER SINCE NO. 1.—Midland Railway Preferred Ordinary, yielding about 4¾ per cent. and South Western Preferred Ordinary yielding nearly 5 per cent. might suit your purpose, and both are quite safe so far as income is concerned.

MISCELLANEOUS INVESTMENTS.—J. G. S. (Petworth).—The best in your list are Fortnum and Mason, Limited, and Hope Bros., Limited, but there is a considerable element of speculation in both. See also reply to "Reader Since No. 1."

£1000 LOAN.—A. P. (London).—Why not try the John Bull Bank, 27-30, Old Jewry, E.C.?

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. H. W. (Sheffield).—This Company, having taken over the Provincial Homes certificates, are doubtless desirous of effecting the transfer of any outstanding certificates—hence their application to you to exchange for the London and Provincial certificate. You should accept the surrender value offered.

NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—H. A. (Stockport).—We understand that arrangements are in progress for strengthening the financial position, and the directors would be well advised to make an official statement as early as possible explaining the present position, so as to allay anxiety, which is widespread in consequence of the publicity which has been given to the affairs of the company in connection with recent events.

INSURANCE POLICY.—T. G. (Cork).—The sum assured would be reduced to correspond with the correct age. You had better make the circumstances known to the Company and get them to admit the age, which should be endorsed upon the policy.

UNITED FRIENDLY INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. E. T. (Leyton).—Send us their last issued report and balance sheet.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—C. L. (Brighton).—You say that policies have been held for forty-four and thirty-five years respectively, and that you understand a further three years must elapse before free policies can be obtained. This is surely inaccurate. You had better see the local superintendent and ask him to explain the precise position.

REFUGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. B. (Newport).—Unless the state of your mother's health was disclosed at the time the proposal was made the company could refuse payment of the claim on the ground that material information had not been disclosed. We presume you filled in answers to questions on the proposal form and signed a declaration to that effect. If so, this would be binding upon you. You appear to have acted in a straightforward manner, and the agent is blameworthy if he did not place the information you gave him before the company. It is doubtful if you would succeed in enforcing the claim at law, and, in any event, you would probably find it a costly proceeding. Make the best terms you can with the company and end the matter. —DEVILRISA.—We have frequently exposed the inequitable conditions associated with these industrial policies, but in the present state of the law nothing can be done to enforce more humane consideration of the interests of the poor. The legal position appears to be that, unless you are prepared to accept a free policy for £2 15s. 6d., the policy must be kept going, otherwise the moneys paid will become forfeited to the company. The policy is not void by reason only of the absence of insurable interest, but unless it was effected by or on account of a person who had at the time a *bona fide* expectation that she would incur expenses in connection with the death or funeral of the assured, we are of opinion that the return of the premiums paid could be legally demanded.

INSURANCE POLICY.—Miss M. P. (Stroud).—If money has been borrowed on the security of the policy, the company is entitled to retain the policy until the loan is repaid. We do not understand what is meant by "drawing from the bonus." The explanation, probably, is that the bonuses could be surrendered for cash. You had better see the agent and ask him to explain how you stand in relation to this matter.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE.—ANXIOUS (Malta).—Quite safe, and economically administered.

INSURANCE AGENCY.—M. J. B. (Co. Clare).—(1) You will be quite safe in accepting an agency for the Commercial Union. (2) We do not recommend the United National Friendly Assurance Collecting Society.

GREAT EASTERN LIFE ASSURANCE OF SINGAPORE.—IRON.—We have no information respecting the financial status of this foreign insurance company.

BRITISH CITIZENS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. S. (Southampton).—The claim you have put forward appears to have been dealt with in a shifty manner, and the treatment you have received is not at all satisfactory. You had better write the company again and ask them to state definitely whether or not they intend to deal with your claim.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—J. D. (Pontypridd).—You should forward the subscription under registered cover to the head office of the company in the event of the agent neglecting to call. It is imperative that the directors should issue a notice as regards any arrangement or negotiation now proceeding or concluded with the object of strengthening the financial resources of the company.—RESERVE (Abertillery).—See foregoing reply. Hold for the present.

BRITISH HOUSE AND LAND COMPANY.—THESIS.—You had better communicate with the general manager of the National Standard Assurance Company and ask him to explain the position in which you stand in relation to the shares held in the British House and Land, whose business was absorbed by the National Standard.

FEDERATED EMPLOYERS' INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—P. E. W. (Caerphilly).—We have no trace. Send us the papers and we will look into the matter.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—VICTIM.—You had better write and ascertain the precise amount that would be paid on the surrender of the certificate, and how soon after making application you would receive the money. The clause you mention is apparently a protective condition, and would only be applied, we should say, in the event of exceptional circumstances arising.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN WORKERS.—R. E. C. (Kildare).—Apparently your wife is not entitled to the four weeks benefit, and as the benefit in any event is small, it would hardly be worth while paying up the arrears as suggested. The Act in all its bearings is fearfully and wonderfully made, and it would require the genius of the proverbial Philadelphian lawyer to interpret correctly some of the conditions that arise in the administration of this great national conundrum.

NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND AND BUILDING SOCIETY.—TEDDY.—You would be quite safe in lodging the deposit of £200 with them.

SPORTING.

PATRICK O'BRIEN'S COMBINATION SWEEP.—EAGER, L. S. D., HOPEFUL, AND OTHERS.—The very latest time for posting is Thursday evening. So you must hurry up.

SPORTING SWEEPSTAKES.—W. H. M. (Bristol).—We believe the sweepstakes in question to be quite genuine, but there are many difficulties in connection with the Australian postal arrangements.

CO-OPERATIVE SYNDICATE (GENEVA).—INQUIRER (Nottingham) AND OTHERS.—We have no information relating to this concern.

JOHN BULL DERBY SWEEP.—DUBIOUS.—All the cheques for prizes have been posted. The delay in connection with the Cash Consolation ones was due to the work of checking 6,000 coupons, and the intervention of the Whitsun holidays. *No* horse was omitted from the draw—Conqueror being the "Victoria May colt."

THE IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN CORPORATION FOR COMMISSIONS.—J. S. (Johannesburg).—This concern apparently possesses only a post office box in a remote village in Switzerland. We should like to know something more about the "Committee composed of prominent business men and sportsmen, and warranted by the first of the clubs."

Result of our CRICKET Competition. Prize Winners on page 28.

CITY NOTES.

(For Financial and Insurance Letter-Box, see Letter Bag pages.)

The Stock Markets.

Optimism had not a very long innings on the Stock Exchange, and a feeling of depression is once more in command of the situation. Partly this is due to the fact that public support is still on a very small scale and partly to the renewal of liquidation in connection with troubles both here and on the Continent. The amount of stock thrown out was not very large, and it would have passed almost unnoticed in normal times, but when there are no willing buyers about any selling pressure exercises an effect out of all proportion to its importance. Consequently when it was found that certain lines had to be cleared regardless of price, quotations were marked down ruthlessly and gave an exaggerated appearance of depression to markets generally. This was helped by the underwriting of a £5,000,000 Russian Railway loan, and a similar amount of Canadian Government stock, while recent new issues of this description have not been exactly brilliant successes. On the other hand the financial outlook is brighter, thanks to the substantial influx of gold to the Bank, and the position in Brazil seems to be improving, with the result that Brazilian securities have provided an exception to the general rule of declining prices. Mexican affairs, however, are no nearer settlement, and Canada, with its insatiable borrowing and falling trade (especially as reflected in railway traffics) is causing renewed anxiety. In the Oil Market a mild sensation was created by the slump in Spies owing to water difficulties, from which the company has suffered before, and persistent selling from the Continent. Whether the liquidation was compulsory or whether it was partly due to the leakage of information is a moot point, but the incident has made a nasty impression on the market.

Consolidated Oil Fields of South Africa.

We understand that in a few days' time the shareholders will receive advance particulars of the first subsidiary undertaking promoted by this parent company, which, as we have already foreshadowed, will deal with an important South African shale proposition. They will have an opportunity of coming in "on the ground floor," and from what we have learned of the scheme we regard the right to do so as a valuable one.

W. H. Baxter, Limited.

Messrs. Arthur Wheeler and Co., stock and share brokers of Leicester, are sending out circulars inviting the purchase of 7 per cent. preference shares in W. H. Baxter, Limited, a company formed in 1898 to take over a factory established in 1878 for producing stone-breaking machinery. The business has recently been converted from a private into a public company with a capital of £75,000, and it is stated that it is "well known in Great Britain and abroad as producing the best machinery of its kind." This being so, it is surprising that it has been deemed necessary by someone who appears to be intimately acquainted with the inside of the business, to circularise the world at large through a firm of stockbrokers, offering 600 of the preference shares (or smaller lots) at 21s. 6d. free of commission. And what is equally surprising is that none of the usual reference books appears to think the company of sufficient importance to justify mention of its existence.

Sopa—So Bad.

In our issue of September 20th last we referred to the position of the Sopa Diamond Mine, Limited, the shares of which were then quoted at 2s. 6d., having been rigged to nearly £4 when they were "introduced" on the Stock Exchange in the summer of 1912. We showed that the price of the shares was grossly over-valued at 2s. 6d., and we now learn that the company is to be placed into voluntary liquidation, unless, of course, shareholders insist, as they should do, on a compulsory winding-up. The company has a capital of £300,000, and paid £120,000 for the property it acquired from the B. D. Syndicate, Limited. The Edmund Davis stable was behind it, Messrs. P. C. Tarbutt and E. W. Janson being two of the directors. History has a habit of repeating itself with that group.

More Canadian Borrowing.

There seems to be no end to the demands of Canada on the London money market, and a new Government loan for £5,000,000 is on the way. The stock will carry 4 per cent. interest and is offered at 98, which represents a tremendous drop in the credit of the Dominion. At one time the colony was in a position to issue stock carrying only 2½ per cent., and it has placed immense amounts at 3 and 3½ per cent., but, of course, general conditions have changed since then. All the same, the insatiable demands of Canada are a real menace to markets, because it is quite impossible that a small and comparatively poor population can shoulder these increasing burdens without stumbling to disaster. In the past few weeks the Government has guaranteed $45,000,000 for the Canadian Northern and $16,000,000 for the Grand Trunk Pacific, and it is extremely doubtful whether these lines will earn interest on their bonds for many years to come.

Calgary Oil Boom.

Since we mentioned this matter last week, we learn that some ninety additional companies have applied for incorporation, with capitals aggregating $150,000,000, so that already, on the strength of the "smell of an oil-rag," the ground in the neighbourhood of the strike is capitalised at $200,000,000 or £40,000,000! Up to now the only concern here which is known to be interested in the district is the Sudbury Syndicate. The special settlement in the shares of this company took place last Friday, and there was a good deal of very outspoken criticism about some of the arrangements made for the carry-over. At any rate, it may be just as well that the public should know that as far as facilities are concerned it is practically a one-man market, and the outsider is simply playing against loaded dice. There has hardly been time for the oil share pushers to arrive from the other side, but they will come in due course and ought to be carefully watched until there is definite proof of the value of the properties they have to offer.

United States Defaulters.

It was certainly high time that the Council of Foreign Bondholders should address a memorial to the New York Stock Exchange invoking its aid with regard to the defaults upon public issues of bonds by certain States of the Union. The occasion arises in connection with an offer of $1,250,000 new bonds by the State of Mississippi, but Louisiana, Georgia, North Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas and Florida are all in the same discreditable position. Every one of these States is flourishing enough to pay off its debt if it chooses to, and they cannot plead poverty as an excuse for the non-fulfilment of their obligations. In the circumstances the request that the New York Stock Exchange and American bankers should refuse these States facilities for fresh borrowing seems a very mild, but very necessary, measure.

The Blue Bells of Ontario.

"Particulars for Public Information only"—one knows by this time what the idea is—are published by the Blue Bells Gold Mines, Limited, which is supposed to have acquired four gold claims in Northern Ontario; but the public will hardly be satisfied by the information tendered. To commence with, mention of the place where the company is registered has been carefully omitted, not a word is said as to what—if any—working capital it possesses, or what it paid for the properties. Neither did one gain any information on these points at the recent meeting of Rubber Ventures, Limited, the unfortunate shareholders of which have been induced to sell their whole bag of tricks to a mysterious concern called the Securities and Finance Syndicate, Limited, for 13,309 shares at 5s. each in the Blue Bells Gold Mines, Limited. Rubber Ventures, Limited, a relict of the 1910 boom, paid an interim dividend of 25 per cent. in June of that year, since when it has been busily engaged in amassing debit balances. At its annual general meeting held at the end of last year, shareholders were told that the chairman of the company would, on his return from abroad, have good news for them, and this good news turns out to be wiping it out of existence and putting shareholders into the Blue Bells *via* the Securities and Finance Syndicate. We should like to know what, in the opinion of the chairman, could have been worse than this.

£300 for the first three. See our Royal Hunt Cup Contest, page 38.

MAKE YOUR HOLIDAY EXPENSES

BY WINNING A HOLIDAY PRIZE.

FIRST PRIZE **£500** FIRST PRIZE

2nd Prize £50

3rd Prize £25

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES

TEN £10 NOTES. TEN £5 NOTES.

50 Prizes of 10/-

4,000 Handsome HOLIDAY PRIZES Value £900.

1,000 Prizes of 2/6

PRIZES INCREASED TO £1,775 IN VALUE.

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 40 Examples.

IN THE WATER
SEASIDE FLIRT
WHEN STINGING APPEARS
COSTS NOTHING
LEADS TO TEARS
SIMPLY DISGRACEFUL
WHEN BORROWING STARTS
RECENTLY MARRIED
COVERED WITH CONFUSION
IN SOCIETY
UNTIL TO-MORROW
TAKEN FOR GRANTED
TOMMY'S TROUBLES
IF YOU PLEASE
MOVABLE SEAT
STOCK OF AGES
COUNTER CHARGES
TAKING YOUNG LADY
IN COLLISION
SOMETHING WRONG
THE SEA SERPENT
TAKEN DOWN
NOT A WORD
MAKING A CHANGE
REMAINS UNSOLD
NEIGHBOUR'S YOUNGSTERS
TICKLISH SUBJECT
DIFFICULT TASK
CLEVER PLAY
HARD TO SWALLOW
BASHFUL WOOER
GETTING THIRSTY
UNDER PRESSURE
THE LAST MAN
HEAVILY WEIGHTED
NOT RESPECTABLE
FLAPPER'S SMILE
PLAYING WITH FIRE
NOISY MEETING
ON TRUST

5,073 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our forty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "SOMETHING WRONG," and take the letters "S" and "T," using the word "always" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "SCRUNDY ALWAYS THINKS." From the Example, "HARD TO SWALLOW," the Bullet, "TRAVELLERS' STORIES" can be formed. Again, if you choose the Example, "COVERED WITH CONFUSION," using the letter "T" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet "TRAMP OFFERED TEA."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used a postal order for one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

Competitors can see the "Bullets" Judges at work at any time.

Closing date, Thursday, June 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(89) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 35.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullet: Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated June 20th.

Closing date, Thursday, June 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(89) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 35.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

If Both Coupons Are Used a Postal Order for 1/- Must be Sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 89," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

The Result of this Competition will appear in our issue dated July 4th.

For Rules, etc, see opposite page.

RESULT OF 86TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 :—

Mr. WALTER C. HALL,
99, Leslie Road,
East Finchley, London, N.
Example :—UNREASONABLE WEATHER.
Bullet :—BADLY CONGESTED "TUBES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 :—

Mr. JOHN STANDRING,
1, Balfour Road,
Spotland, Rochdale, Lancs.
Example :—HELPING MOTHER.
Bullet :—IF GIRLS "MEND."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. A. WILLIAMS,
41a, Holford Street,
Cefn, Merthyr, South Wales.
Example :—RESTAURANT SOUP.
Bullet :—STRETCHING A "PINT."

TEN £10 PRIZES :—

Mr. FRED BERESFORD, 2, St. Peter's Square, Manchester: EMBARRASSING MOMENT — ANSWERING SIDESMAN "SEASON!"

Mr. H. R. WINN, 34, Chatteris Square, New Kent Road, London, S.E.: COURTING BRIDGET—ULTERIOR MOTIVE—INTERIOR.

Mr. A. WHITE, 15, Clarence Road, Eastbourne: BETTER OFF—"BALANCE" CARRIED "FORWARD."

Mr. J. A. DUNLOP, 76, Seymour Road, Hornsey, London, N.: NATURE STUDIES—IN RESTAURANT SALAD.

Mr. A. JOHNSON, 12, Newton Street, Glasgow: AFTER MIDNIGHT—MAN'S "UPRIGHTNESS" TESTED.

Mr. A. E. REID, 81, Orleans Road, Old Swan, Liverpool: HELPING MOTHER—IF BOOTS GREW.

Miss ELLALINE F. OUGDEN, 337, Stamstead Road, Catford, S.E.: NEVER KISSED—"DISTANT" RELATIONS EVIDENTLY.

Mr. W. ONG, 51 Curzon Street, Maryport, Cumberland: LEAKS OUT—TAPROOM VALOUR—SOBER.

Mrs. G. PARTINGTON, 10, Ellesray Road, Pendleton, Manchester: COURTING BRIDGET—OBVIOUSLY "FARE" CHARMER.

Mr. J. SHAW, 57, Lyndhurst Road, North End, Portsmouth: LEAKS OUT—AMATEUR TAXIDERMIST'S STUFFING.

TEN £5 PRIZES :—

Mr. W. MANFIELD, 55, Lorne Road, Forest Gate, Essex: FINAL PLUNGE—INDUCES "SINKING" FEELING.

Mr. HUGH MCLINDEN, 46, Cleveland Street, Glasgow: AFTER MIDNIGHT—"DIAL" EXPLAINS DIALECT.

Mr. J. M. GIVEN, 35, Hawkins Street, Londonderry, Ireland: RESTAURANT SOUP—SAUCEPAN RINSED OUT.

CRISSIE MITCHINSON, care of Bell, 13, Viewforth Gardens, Edinburgh: FILIPS FAVOUR—RIGGERS BEFORE "ARABS."

Mrs. C. POTTER, Newbiggin, Dacre, Penrith: CREATED A SENSATION—TYRO'S CAKE—AFTERWARDS.

Mr. E. F. DYE, 96, Sussex Road, Holloway, N.: SCANTY ATTIRE—A MINIMUM RAGE.

Mr. A. LAWRENCE, 14, Granby Street, Plymouth, Devon: AFTER MIDNIGHT—FATHER'S "RAG" TIME.

Miss MARY FOSTER, 7, Fell Cottages, Burnhope, via Lanchester, Co. Durham: CHEAP EXCURSION—SMOKERS BECOME CHOKERS.

Mr. J. THOMAS, St. Mary's Vicarage, Enfield, Middlesex: WHAT'S THE MATTER—"TIMES" WILL TELL.

Mr. F. MCLOUGHLIN, 81, Redcliffe Street, Bristol: MEAN TRICK—CHANCELLOR "STUMPING" COUNTRY.

FIFTY 10s. PRIZE WINNERS.

BARTRAM, Mrs. A., 74, Cecil Avenue, Enfield.
BOURKE, M., 49, Penn Road, Holloway, N.
BREEZE, L., 1, Water Lane, Stratford, Essex.
BURTON, A. E., Marple View, London Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.
CAREY, F. DE L., 2, Daisymount, St. Martins, Guernsey.
CAVANAGH, H., 63, Deansfield Road, Eltham, S.E.
COLLINS, S., 14, Arran St. Roath, Cardiff.
COX, W., Guinness' Brewery, Dublin.
COUPE, J., 54, Egerton Street, Heywood, Lancs.
CROWTHER, J., 37, Spring Gardens, Bradford.
DICKINSON, J., Huntroyde Park, Padiham, Lancs.
DUKES, A. E., care of Post Office, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick.
DYER, Mrs. E., 8, Vera Street, Clayton, Manchester.
GREAVES, A. L., 1, Pole Lane, Failsworth, Manchester.
GREENAWAY, G., Mrs., Alton Stores, Albion Road, Sandhurst, Berks.
HOLMAN, R. F., 5, Paradise Street, Margate.
JONES, B., 6, Davies Street, Brynmawr, Brecon.
JONES, R. P., 2, Catterick Road, Didsbury, Manchester.
KEMP, L., 64, Ashburnham Road, Greenwich, S.E.
KNAPP, H., 17, Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.
LAVERTY, E., George Town, Jersey.
LEACH, E., Miss., 76, St. George's Road, Coventry.
LEPINE, R. D., 9, College Road, Maidstone, Kent.
LONGLEY-RUFFELL, E. H., 52, Ivanhoe Road, Denmark Park, S.E.
MAYNARD, W. F., 18, Winchester Road, Romsey, Hants.
MACKIE, J. A., Mrs., 167, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.
MARTIN, A., 19, Leam Terrace, Leamington Spa.
MCDOWALL, A., 11, Dunn Street, Dalmuir, Dumbartonshire.
MCKENZIE, A. J., 26, Angell Road, Brixton, S.W.
MITCHIE, G., 779, Cumbernauld Road, Riddrie, Glasgow.
MILLAR, S. W., 11, Asylum Road, Londonderry.
NAYLOR, J. W., 78, Toller Lane, Bradford, Yorks.
PATERSON, J. D., 116, Dundrennan Road, Langside, Glasgow.
PAYNE, N., 84, Scotland Road, Nelson, Lancs.
PELLOW, E., Mrs., 152, Aunesbury Avenue, Streatham, S.W.
PRICE, T., 32, Harcott Road, Kidderminster, Worcs.
RADCLIFFE, H. E., 62, Duke's Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.
ROBERTS, R., St. Helliers, Brockhurst Road, Gosport, Hants.
SHERAN, G. F., 16, Lindow Square, Lancaster.
SIMMONDS, Nurse, 9, Second Avenue, Queen's Park Estate, W.
SIMMS, A., Mrs., 16, Wellington Street, Heanor, Derbyshire.
SIMPSON, G. E., Foreman Parcel Porter, N.E. Rly., Central Station Parcel Office, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
SMITH, F., Mrs., 106, Chesterfield Road, Bristol.
STEAD, L. A., Hairdresser, Station Road, Liversedge, Yorks.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. F. Merrison, 213, Hertford Road, Edmonton, London, N., until June 12th, and thence until June 16th at those of Mr. W. G. Wain, 8, New Road, Edmonton, N.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Alcazar Picture Theatre, Edmonton.

Last week's £1,000 Prize Cheque is being shown on the screen at the Grand Electric Theatre, High Street, Lincoln.

STEPL, J., Victoria House, Stevenston Road, Kilwinning, N.B.
WAKEFIELD, C., C.-Q.-M. Sergt. 2nd Royal Irish Rifles., Tidworth, Wilts.
WATSON, J. B. S., 9, Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.
WHEATLEY, Z., Abergavenny, Mon.
WILKS, E., R.E., Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle, Dublin.
WILLIAMS, B., 24, Princess Road, Moss Side, Manchester.

Selection from 2s. 6d. Prize Winners.

Caddell, G. P., c.o. Gibson, 4, George-st., City Glasgow.
Caddick, E. H., Mrs., 105, Ashley-st., Bilston, Staffs.
Caldwell, H., 3, Newington-rd., Edinburgh.
Cally, A. E., 41, George-st., Brighton.
Cameron, J., Telephone Exchange, South Fort, Leith, N.B.
Capes, G. H., 127, First-av., Manor Park, Essex.
Capt. H. E., Thorpe, St. Andrews Norfolk.
Carnegie, C. W., 122, Hawthorne-rd., Bootle, Liverpool.
Carr, W. C., 47, Thornes-rd., Wakefield, Yorkshire.
Carr, J., 30 Lorne-rd., Leicester.
Carr, S., Linden Lodge, Teignmouth.
Carr, W. M., Fair View, New Church-rd., Hove, Brighton.
Carroll, J., 1, Cobourgh-place, Dublin.
Carslake, A., Miss, Station-rd., Sidmouth, Devon.
Carter, L., 2, Henry-st., Horton Lane, Bradford Yorks.
Carter, R., 56, Danby-st., East Dulwich S.E.
Carver, A. A., Tutts, Clockheaton, Bradford.
Cary, J., Mrs., The Priory, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.
Cawley, G. W., 19, Maury-rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Cawton, A., Glenaire, Totley, Nr. Sheffield.
Chalmers, D., 365, Paisley-rd., Glasgow.
Chambers, F., 5, Douglas-rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Chapman, W., Lakenheath Station, G.E.R., Suffolk.
Chaundy, W., Running Dept., G.C. Rly., Gorton, Manchester.
Cheesman, Stoker A. C., 6 Mess, H.M.S. Speedwell, Portsmouth.
Chitty, G., 72, Haslemere-rd., Thornton Heath, Surrey.
Cleat, P., 2, Elgin-st. South, Edinburgh.
Clegg, F., Mrs., 12, Fernleigh-ave., Levenshulme, Manchester.
Clerk, Chief, Alexandra Hospital Cosham, Hants.
Colbeck, F., 237, Nechells Park-rd., Birmingham.
Colegate, H. J., 13, South Eastern-rd., Strood.
Coleman, W., 23, St. Aubyn-av., Keyham, Devonport.
Coleno, Mrs., 28, August-rd., Anfield, Liverpool.
Collingwood, E. P., Pte., 46, M.T. Coy., A.S.C., Woolwich, S.E.
Collins, L., 261, High-st., Exeter
Collins, K., 6, Park Drive, Cowper Gardens, Ranelagh, Dublin.
Collins, G., 63, Broadway, Coventry.
Colwill, Miss J., Newport, St. Germans, Cornwall.
Cook, H., 10, Herstridge-place, St. John's-wood, N.W.

"BULLETS" RULES, *(which must be strictly adhered to).*

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 34, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Stamps will not be accepted.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, June 18th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that, before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered, and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all cash and other Prize-winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Racing Notes.

The weights for the principal events at the Royal meeting appeared last week, and before these lines meet the reader's eye, no doubt some sort of a market will be formed on the Royal Hunt Cup. When a market is opened it is probable that Aiglon will be made favourite. His win at Kempton made a great impression on all who saw it, and he is unquestionably a fine sprinter. Whether the "reputed" mile "on the collar" at Ascot will be within his compass is another consideration, but it is said his connections are certain he will get it. Aiglon, therefore, cannot be left out, and neither, for that matter, can White Magic, who looks like representing Mr. J. B. Joel. Castleton is well handicapped, but on the flat is essentially a five-furlong horse. Sands of Time is well treated, and "Alf" Spalding can hardly grumble at the 6 st. 11 lbs. allotted to Candytuft. At the present juncture the horses that look most likely to supply winner and runners-up are AIGLON, SANDS OF TIME, WHITE MAGIC, and CANDYTUFT.

Newbury is the principal meeting this week. There to-day (Wednesday) QUANTOCK should win the Empire Stakes; WASSILISSA, the Royal Stakes; and VERGER II, the Netheravon Handicap. On Thursday,

OCTOBER

may win the Summer Cup; ALBORAK, the Berkshire Foal Stakes; and LESTO, the Ogbourne Welter.

At Beverley to-day, PHILADELPHIA should win the Handicap Plate, and PROVIDER the Bishop Burton Stakes; whilst to-morrow RED DENNIS for the Watt Memorial Plate and TRALEE for the Grand Stand Handicap should prove the best things.

Gatwick has the end of the week to itself, and there on Friday occurs the best thing of the week in DUKE OF YORK* for the Horseshoe Handicap. On the same day, SEPTEMBER MORN can win the Three-Year-Old Selling Handicap, and HOLLAND HOUSE the Home-bred T.Y.O. Plate. On Saturday, VOLSCIAN for the Three-Year-Old Handicap and MONTROSE II. for the Evelyn Handicap are the best things we notice at present.

PATRICK O'BRIEN'S LUCERNE SWEEP.

Since the Derby every post brings us inquiries about this big Combination Sweep—upon the Royal Hunt Cup, Stewards' Cup and St. Leger—which closes on Saturday, so that unless readers desirous of subscribing have already got their tickets it will be too late for them to participate. We understand, however, that there will be separate sweeps on each of the three events, but for full details we must refer inquirers to Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Lucerne, Switzerland.

H. DIAMOND'S ROYAL HUNT CUP SWEEP.

Our representative was present at Mr. Diamond's new offices in Lucerne, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., and took charge of the Draw, being unanimously elected chairman by the other press representatives and strangers present, in whose hands the arrangements were entirely left, neither Mr. Diamond nor anyone connected with him taking any part in the proceedings. Needless to say the Draw was conducted with the strictest regard to fairness and honesty. A curious circumstance, fully bearing out the genuineness of the Sweep, was that two tickets drawn at different times, after the wheel had been repeatedly turned, and bearing widely different numbers, were in the name of the same person—the two horses drawn for these tickets being Braxted and Mohacz! Full particulars will be given on the printed draw sheet.

ROYAL HUNT CUP

£300

FOR PLACING FIRST 3 HORSES.

To be run JUNE 17.

SEND ENTRIES NOW.
Closes Tuesday, June 16th

£200

FOR NEAREST CORRECT COUPON.

SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

COUPON

will be found

on

PAGE 2 of COVER.

The enormous success of our "Derby" Competition which easily beat JOHN BULL's previous best, convinces us that we have discovered what our readers really wanted in the way of a Skill Racing Contest. We had a wonderful upheaval of form at Epsom such as Ascot is not likely to produce.

After the "Derby," the "Royal Hunt Cup" is possibly the most popular race of the season. On our Coupon we have given you the names of all the horses entered. For the weights which they will carry competitors should see the Sporting Papers. There will probably be some scratchings, and so intending competitors should watch for same.

The contest closes Tuesday, June 16th, so send in your entries without delay. Coupon on page 2 of cover.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On page 2 of our cover you will find a coupon containing the names of the horses entered for the Royal Hunt Cup, to be run at Ascot on Wednesday, June 17th.

Since we go to press early it is impossible for us to foretell the scratchings which may be made. Consequently all the horses whose names are given on the Coupon are not likely to run. The great thing is to watch the papers day by day.

Your task is to put the figure 1 in front of the name of the horse which you think will finish first, the figure 2 against the name of the horse which you think will finish second; the figure 3 against the name of the horse which you think will finish third. To the reader or readers placing correctly the first, second and third horses we shall award £300

In the unlikely event of nobody placing all three correctly we shall award a prize of £200 to the person or persons sending in the most correct coupon.

HOW TO MARK YOUR COUPON.

If you think, for instance, that "Braxted" will win you must put the figure 1 opposite that horse's name. If you believe that "Talaia Hill" will finish second, you must put the figure 2 opposite his name. If you predict that "Santaie" will finish third, you must put the figure 3 against his name.—N.B.—You must not mark more than three horses on any single Coupon, or else such coupon will be disqualified.

In the event of competitors tieing, the prize money won will be equally divided. The Editor's decision is to be final.

Our Competition department is now under the personal supervision of "McW.," the well-known sporting writer, late of the "Morning Leader" and "Daily Chronicle."

Address, JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope, "Royal Hunt Cup." Closing date, Tuesday, June 16th.

After you have filled up your entries for this competition, turn to page 34, where you will find particulars of "Bullets," a simple and attractive Competition which you should not fail to enter. Over 5,000 prizes are to be won this week. A first prize of £500 in cash is offered for the best "Bullet" received, together with other substantial cash prizes.

Success Upon Success!

"Gale's Special"

The "SPECIAL" that Guarantees Your Success Maintains a Great Reputation.

"Fewer selections and more winners than any of its rivals."—*Vide The Sportsman.*

Proof! Proof!! Proof!!!

DURBAR II.
for
THE DERBY STAKES,
following
THE CURRAGH for the "Jubilee" Handicap
ALEPPO for the Chester Cup
and
MAIDEN ERLEGH for the City & Suburban

Next Monday's issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," published at 2s. 6d. will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 1s. P.O. or Stamps to all readers of "JOHN BULL" enclosing this paragraph.

The Editor's Course Wire Selections.

WINNERS GUARANTEED!
WINNERS GUARANTEED!

Our Terms are:
SIX GUARANTEED WINNERS FOR TEN GUINEAS.

DON'T MISS THE EDITOR'S COURSE WIRES.

WATCH THE RESULTS. WATCH THE RESULTS.

Since Saturday, May 9th, the following selections have been given up to the time of writing this advertisement (June 2nd):—

May 9th.—	**HENLO,** 9 to 4 agst	Won
May 12th.—	**CONSUL,** 6 to 4 agst	Won
May 13th.—	**MOUCHETTE,** 100 to 30 agst ...	Won
May 15th.—	**SILVER SPRAY,** evens	Won
May 19th.—	**KLEINFONTEIN,** 4 to 1 agst ...	Won
May 22nd.—	**BIRLINGHAM,** 15 to 8 agst ...	Won
May 23rd.—	**ORBINO,** 9 to 4 agst	Won
May 27th.—	**SIR EAGER,** 2 to 1 agst ...	Won
May 28th.—	**FER,** 5 to 1 agst	Won
June 2nd.—	**CHEQUE FILLY,** 11 to 8 agst ...	Won

It must be taken into consideration that we do not guarantee to send a selection on these wires every day, but we do guarantee that never more than one wire is sent on any given racing day, and NEVER MORE THAN ONE SELECTION WIRED.

Terms:
SIX GUARANTEED WINNERS FOR TEN GUINEAS.

As a special offer to "JOHN BULL" readers we will send a series of six Guaranteed Winners on receipt of TEN GUINEAS.

Note that our only address is:

"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

ROYAL ASCOT 1914.

Study Security

and send your Business to

CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN

Turf Commissioner

(Member of the leading London Sporting Clubs)

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP

20 to 1 on the Field.

The most popular event at Ascot is without doubt the principal handicap—The Royal Hunt Cup. As in past years, Mr. Charles Villiers Chapman is prepared to open the market on the race with the liberal offer of 20 to 1 on the field. Those who are desirous of obtaining an ante-post wager should at once communicate with him and ensure receiving the longest odds possible against their particular fancy.

"A Turf Accountant of Note."

"Perhaps the largest operator and heaviest layer to-day in the Clubs and with the public is Mr. Charles Villiers Chapman, 24-26, Maddox Street, London, W. Mr. Chapman makes a special feature of future event betting, and backers who favour this fascinating form of speculation are always able to obtain a long price about their fancy for any big race, whilst they will have the satisfaction of knowing that in the event of its proving successful, the cheque for their winnings will be waiting for them on the Tuesday morning following the race."—THE TATLER, May 20th, 1914.

Write to-day for my illustrated Book of Rules—a most interesting Guide to the Turf—and learn something of the Firm with whom it will pay you to transact your business.

24-26, Maddox St., London, W.

Telegrams: "Repayable, Reg., London." Telephone: 890 Mayfair (10 lines.

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When Favourite starts "Odds On."
NO LIMIT, any Race, WIN or PLACE.

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